The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

There is likely to be an epidemic of new publications during the next six months. A gentleman connected with one of the three most popular penny "weeklies" is, we understand, with the aid of a large capitalist, to start a rival. A well-known writer is to start a new humorous weekly; there will be a new monthly magazine bearing the imprint of a famous publishing house, and we hear of five new weekly papers of a popular character. Capitalists seem keen on newspaper enterprise at the moment, and Mr. Hooley recently offered without success an enormous sum for the business of a well-known newspaper proprietor and printer.

Much interest has been aroused in literary circles by the announcement of the *Times* that it will publish a sixpenny weekly literary journal under the editorship of Mr. H. D. Traill. It is encouraging that the *Times* should think such an enterprise possible, and that all the new periodicals are not to be of a merely popular type. The differences between the existing literary journals and Mr. Traill's are, first, that Mr. Traill's will be published at double the price; next, that it will be confined to literature, giving no space to science, art, and the drama; and in the third place that it will pay more attention to Continental and American literature than other papers of the same kind. The reviews are not to be signed, and attention is to be given to bibliography. If such a programme attracts the British public, many of us will think much more hopefully of that entity than we have been able to do. Mr. Traill has our best wishes for his success.

Mr. R. H. Sherard writes to us: "During my absence in Stockholm I heard echoes of the onslaught which was made on Mr. Hall Caine, who has apparently been treated with little fairness. One of the charges brought against him concerns me personally. It has been said that the articles which appeared in various papers anent 'The Christian,' including my notes from the Isle of Man in the August Bookman, were prompted with a view to publicity by Hall Caine. As I was the only journalist who visited Greeba just before the publication of 'The Christian,' and as most of the copy concerning Mr. Hall Caine and his book was written by me, including the interview in the *Daily News*, I am qualified to deny that implication. I was prompted by nobody, had nothing beyond a desire to be the first to give the news that could be collected on what was the most interesting topic of the moment, which is a general weakness with gazetteers, and I may add from my personal knowledge that Mr. Hall Caine, having granted a long and important interview on points of controversy raised by 'The Christian,' with the stipulation that it should not be published until some time after the publication of the book, afterwards begged the writer to cancel the same, and offered to make good to him what he might lose by this cancellation."

Mr. George Gissing has been engaged on the proofs of a book of short stories which will shortly appear under the title of "Human Odds and Ends." Mr. Gissing leaves shortly for Italy, where he will remain until the spring working, as his health forbids him spending a winter in England.

Mr. Marriott Watson has finished the novel on which he has been engaged for some months. It is a story of adventure pure and simple, and it will next year be published serially in a well-known periodical before it appears in book form.

"The Skipper's Wooing" is the longest story that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has yet written, but the success of that book has emboldened him to try his hand at a full-length novel. He has been more or less engaged on it during his holidays, but he is so slow a worker that it is not likely to be finished until next year.

The Post Office has another writer of humorous sea stories in Mr. W. F. Shannon. He does not encroach on Mr. Jacobs's sphere, as his stories deal entirely with ironclads and bluejackets. He comes of naval stock, and bids fair to do for the ironclad what his colleague has done for the little coasting craft.

Ibsen is going to Berlin next spring, on invitation, for the celebration of his seventy-first birthday. It is expected that this occasion will be made the opportunity for an important Ibsenite demonstration.

Count Tolstoi has been expressing himself very severely on Wagner and Wagner's music. Wagner, according to Tolstoi, was a *décadent* who made up in trickery what he lacked in inspiration and idea. He had no notion of melody, and loved noise. He was incomprehensible to the mass, and he, Tolstoi, vastly preferred to Wagner's most pretentious compositions the simplest popular tunes.

One of the most popular books in Sweden is King Oscar's volume of poems, and this because the poems are liked, not because the poet is a king. The book has been a great commercial success, which is uncommon in Sweden, where literature and journalism are poorly remunerated.

Oscar Wilde has written a new French play called "Pharaon," and a poem of a hundred stanzas dealing with a painful experience.

Some London publishers are making offers for the issue in England of a Swedish traveller's book. It is Dr. Sven Hedin's account, illustrated by himself, of his journey and exploration in Central Asia, a journey which lasted three years and seven months, and in the course of which he made many interesting and even startling discoveries, scientific as well as ethnological, and underwent extreme hardships. One publisher who proposed to go to Stockholm to sign the agreement offered a royalty of twenty per cent., with a sum of £500 paid to account after signing. Dr. Hedin has five other offers under consideration, but means to do nothing in the matter until he comes to London, and has delivered his lecture at the Royal Geographical Society.

Major Arthur Griffiths is busy upon his great work "History of Crime." Messrs. Cassell and Co. hope to begin the publication of it late this year. It will be by far the most elaborate history of crime ever attempted.

Mr. Headon Hill is writing a story of Klondyke and the gold craze. He is one of the very few authors who have travelled much in Alaska, and he knows the new gold fields exceedingly well. His book should possess more than a fictional interest.

There is a possibility of Lavignac's great book on Wagner being put, in a translation, upon the English market. French criticism of Wagner is not usually of a high order, but in M. Lavignac's case no such charge can be made. He is a most patient and discriminating analyst, and his book has deserved the very large sale it has enjoyed in Paris.

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, the editor of Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co.'s athletic library, has just completed a tour of the capitals of Europe with the object of writing a series of articles entitled "Capitals at Play." Mr. Robinson does not treat his subject from an athletic point of view, but purely from the social. He has endeavoured to show us the common recreations of the various classes in the cities concerned, and roves freely from palace to slum.

Miss L. Quiller-Couch, the clever authoress of "Man," etc., has written her first long novel entitled "A Spanish Maid," which will be issued immediately by Messrs. Service and Paton. The appearance of this work will doubtless be looked forward to with interest by the many admirers of Miss Quiller-Couch and her brother "Q."

An article on British Journalism appeared in a recent issue of "Der Zeitgeist," which is published as a literary supplement to the *Berliner Tageblatt.* It is written by Dr. Aronstein, and gives in concise form a comprehensive account of "Die Moderne Journalistik in England." His conclusion is that our press "proves, none the less, that the English in general are a thoroughly unartistic people, lacking taste and the æsthetic sense in a very high degree. Like English democracy so is the popular press, thorough and morally sound, but, like it, narrow of horizon, unreceptive of ideas, and in short enveloped in that mental atmosphere which we describe as Philistine. The English are as free externally as internally they are shackled. The fight which our poets and philosophers fought so victoriously over a century ago, this fight for the inner emancipation is only just beginning in England, and has produced but very little effect so far on the great mass of the people."

The recently projected "Hampstead Annual" promises to be very successful. Among the contributors will be Sir Walter Besant, Canon Ainger, Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, and Dr. Horton. The editor is Mr. Ernest Rhys.

We have received many of the publishers' announcements for this season, and according to our custom we select a few of the more significant. We are glad to see that the Clarendon Press is to issue an edition of Aubrey's Lives. It will be edited by Mr. Andrew Clark. The Queen has sanctioned the dedication to Her Majesty of the Oxford English Dictionary. The Clarendon Press will also publish an edition of the Coptic Version of the New Testament in the Northern Dialect.

Among other interesting announcements, Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. announce a new edition of a book by Miss Harraden, entitled "A New Book of the Fairies." It was originally issued in 1891. Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. will publish a new work by Mr. G. F. Underhill, entitled "Hunting, and Practical Hints for Hunting-men." The same publishers will also issue "A Benedictine Martyr in England; being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.," who was hanged, drawn, and quartered on December 10th, 1610, at Tyburn.

Messrs. Chambers will issue a number of stories and two reference books of first-class importance, a Biographical Dictionary edited by Dr. Patrick and Mr. F. H. Groome, and an English Dictionary edited by Mr. James Davidson.

Messrs. Macmillan's new list contains, as usual, many books of great interest, including Lord Tennyson's Memoirs, two volumes of Lord Selborne's Political Memorials, a biography of Dean Butler of Lincoln, the Remains of R. L. Nettleship, Life and Letters of Edward Thring, Impressions of South Africa, by Mr. Bryce, "Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling, and not least, a second series of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." Many important text-books are also announced by this firm.

Messrs. Blackie will issue Professor Church's new story, "Lords of the World; a Tale of the Fall of Carthage and Corinth." They will also publish three new stories by Mr. Henty, as well as many other books for the young.

The publishers of "The Fascination of the King," Mr. Guy Boothby's entertaining romance, are Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., not Messrs. Warne, as we said in error in our last number.

During his lifetime Professor Dillmann, we believe, objected to having his commentaries translated into English. Arrangements, however, have been made for their publication in this country, and the first volume of Genesis will be published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark this season. The same publishers announce the first volume of their great new Dictionary of the Bible edited by Dr. Hastings. It will be completed in four volumes, and the leading scholars of England and America are contributors. Dr. Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament" has been entirely reset and revised throughout for this new edition.

Mr. Edward Arnold has some very interesting books to announce, especially the Recollections of Aubrey De Vere, the friend of Wordsworth, Newman, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, F. D. Maurice, and many others. He will also publish the life of Miss Clough, by her niece, who was her secretary, and on terms of the closest intimacy with her. Another important biographical book published by Mr. Arnold will be the Life and Letters of J. A. Roebuck, the bitter and sturdy Radical. After 1832 Mr. Roebuck's career will be described in the main through his own letters to his wife.

Mr. Edward Arnold will also make two important additions to his Sportsman's Library, edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. One volume will be Scrope's "Art of Deer Stalking," and the other the "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. He will also publish a book of verses by Mr. Rennell Rodd, entitled "Ballads of the Fleet," and a short work on Style by Professor Walter Raleigh, of Liverpool, who wrote the *Quarterly Review* article on Robert Louis Stevenson.

Messrs. Methuen's list contains, as usual, many books of interest. Mr. Henley, notwithstanding his delicate health, has been able to complete a book of English lyrics. Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., whose admirable work in the Tudor Classics will be remembered, is to edit and preface the Sonnets of Shakespeare, and his opinion on the problems involved will be awaited with great interest. A short primer of the Bible has been written for Messrs. Methuen by Professor W. H. Bennett, the well-known Congregationalist scholar. The second volume of the translation of Victor Hugo's Letters will appear, and also a biography of Renan, by Madame Darmesteter, who, with her husband, was on intimate terms with Renan. Dr. Jessopp will issue the biography of Donne on which he has been long engaged, and for which he has some very important manuscript materials. As usual, Messrs. Methuen's list is strong in fiction, including new novels by Mr. Crockett, the late Mrs. Oliphant, the Hon. Emily Lawless, Mr. Baring Gould, Miss Jane Helen Findlater, and others. Two of the young writers are to be found in Messrs. Methuen's list, Mr. Percy White, whose story is entitled "A Passionate Pilgrim," and Mr. Pett Ridge, who has written a book with the fantastic title, "Secretary to Bayne, M.P."

Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish immediately "An Attic in Bohemia," essays and sketches by E. H. Lacon Watson, author of "The Unconscious Humorist" and other essays. "An Attic in Bohemia" is the name given to a series of sketches dealing with life in one of the old Inns of Court, viewed from the standpoint of a literary man. The treatment is light and humorous. Mr. Mathews is also to publish a curious work entitled "The Canon," an exposition of the Pagan mystery perpetuated in the Cabala as the rule of all the arts, with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. To the ordinary reader the interest will chiefly lie in the explanation given as to the primary meaning of the Cross, and how that symbol came to occupy so conspicuous a place in the mythos of Christianity.

Messrs. Sonnenschein announce some very important works in philosophy, including a complete translation of Wundt's Ethics, a new work of Practical Ethics, by Professor Sidgwick, and a History of Contemporary Philosophy, by Ueberweg. They also announce some works of almost equal rank in science, including "Practical Plant Physiology," by Professor Detmer, of Jena, text-books on Zoology by Mr. Sedgwick, and on Palæontology by Professor Groom, of Leeds. The biographical works of Mr. Sonnenschein will be made more accessible to readers by the bibliographies being published separately. A new and cheaper edition will be published of Mrs. Simcox's work on Primitive Civilisation, which has not had the attention it deserved. Messrs. Sonnenschein announce very few works of fiction.

Messrs. Dent's chief publications will be their edition of the Waverley Novels, under the editorship of Mr. Shorter, which will contain much new and accurate bibliographical matter, and their edition of the *Spectator*, which will be a reprint of the first collected edition published in three volumes by Buckley and Tonson. The edition is an exact reprint, free from the innumerable corruptions of many modern popular texts. The author's name, when known, will be placed within square brackets at the head of each paper. Notes will be added by the editor, Mr. G. G. Smith, Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Indices will be given, and an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson. The price of the series per set will be 24s. There will be eight volumes, the eighth being the book published by Addison in 1715, which has been printed as he left it.

We publish some extracts on the German book trade from the preface to a catalogue of books recently issued by Mr. Trübner of Strasburg. They will be read with great interest in view of the burning question of discount:—"The German publisher belongs to a body which helps on the humblest business of any of its members. The German publishing trade, at least that part of it which is concerned with learned books, on which alone I can speak with full knowledge, can boast of a period of real prosperity. While in France the issue of learned works can for the most part only be maintained by state subvention, and our English colleagues lament that business with them is in a wretched condition—although they devote themselves to it with greater assiduity than do we, and leave all the more difficult scientific enterprises to the numerous learned societies and the rich universities of Oxford and Cambridge—in Germany nearly the whole production of learned books and monographs is undertaken by the publisher. . . . No one will deny that this strong confidence of theirs rests chiefly on the great reputation and the flourishing condition of German science. . . . And yet the great feats of German learning alone could not explain the still greater activity of the publishing trade. For the scientific literature of France and England is in many departments, especially in the exact sciences, at least the equal of ours, and there are books in French and English that take precedence of ours in international trade."

Mr. Trübner points out that the difference lies in the want of organization in France and England as compared with the excellent arrangements throughout the German empire. In Germany the majority of the great houses that publish the more serious literature have sprung from retail bookshops, and retail traditions are still alive in them. Publisher and bookseller form an organization with equal rights and common arrangements, which not only comprehends the whole of Germany, but also the bookselling trade in Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, so far as they have any trade at all in learned works.

The writer goes on to ask whether this state of things will continue. He is not very confident. There is a change for the worse visible at every point. This arises from the growth of Leipzig and Berlin as the centres of the book trade, and from the effort to supply the whole country from these centres. A number of important houses do not supply the country booksellers, and in Leipzig direct aid is lent to the outlawed undersellers. Besides, there is the difficulty of the establishment of numerous middlemen, some of whom are quite unrestrained. From Leipzig the writer looks in vain for any action on the part of the Union which will punish the offenders against the honourable customs of the trade. It will be seen that the writer has hit upon the difficulties that have been prophesied in this country.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

August 23rd to September 18th, 1897.

Since writing the last report matters have improved considerably, and a good autumn trade has set in, and there appears to be every indication of a busy season, for which all concerned will be devoutly grateful and appreciatively happy. Business with the colonies and foreign trade generally has shown no falling off, the Indian market being especially active, and the whole state of affairs fairly satisfactory.

There has been a good demand for all classes of school publications, and the educational publishers are to be congratulated on the exactness with which they meet the requirements of the varied wants of their patrons.

The sale of Meiklejohn's History and Geography, with the other books of the series, stamps them as the leading books on English subjects.

As may readily be surmised, Hall Caine's "The Christian" is the leading 6s. novel, and a very large edition has already been disposed of. "The Martian," by G. Du Maurier, has been well received, but it was scarcely to be expected that it would prove to be a second "Trilby" as far as the sales were concerned.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket" is still enjoying a remarkable sale.

The interest at present centring on events in India has led to much attention being paid to works bearing upon the vast peninsula. General Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India" seems to have taken a fresh lease of its life.

Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels continue to maintain their hold upon the public. Three new editions are in preparation, and are being enquired for.

The publishing season promises to be a very prolific one, and thus far the output of new books has exceeded in number that of any previous year. About 200 new books and new editions were issued during the week ending Sept. 18th. Buying for stock is thus made a more difficult matter each succeeding year.

Juvenile books are more beautifully produced than ever, the best artists being employed in drawing the illustrations. Those with coloured pictures are in great force. What a pity that the latter class of work is not done in England!

As previously stated, the large illustrated books—table books they were called—are almost extinct.

There are no changes in the magazine department, and the noticeable feature is the enormous quantity disposed of each month.

The list of new books which follows is the result of the usual careful enquiries made on the spot. It will be noticed that many of them have appeared in previous lists, which seems to point to a somewhat more permanent demand than is the rule nowadays. Mrs. Steel's "On the face of the Waters" and "The Sign of the Cross" are the most noticeable instances.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Martian. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Actor's Art. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
The Potter's Thumb. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
The Octave of Claudius. By B. Pain. 6s.
The Old Old Story. By R. N. Carey. 6s.
French Literature. By E. Dowden. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
The Larramys. By G. Ford. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d.
Good Mrs. Hypocrite. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
The Skipper's Wooing, etc. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
Meiklejohn's History (4s. 6d.) and Geography (4s. 6d.).
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.
Liza of Lambeth. By W. T. Maugham. 3s. 6d.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d.
Beauties of Marie Corelli. 2s. 6d. net.
Odd. By the Author of "Probable Sons." 2s.
Mrs. Wood's Novels. 2s. editions.
Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Forty-one Years in India. By General Roberts. 36s.

Weekly Statement of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending

Aug. 28, 1897.—Trade quiet, improving at the close. Foreign and colonial departments doing a steady business.

Sept. 4, " —A general improvement in business in home department. Colonial and foreign trade brisk.

" 11, " —Improvement well maintained for home trade, with continued briskness in foreign and colonial departments.

" 18, " —A fairly busy week throughout, both for home and foreign business generally.

NEW WRITERS.

ALLEN RAINE.

THE author of "A Welsh Singer," recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson—a book which has some claim to be called by that much-abused name, Idyll—has all her life been intimately familiar with the life of such Welsh peasantry as she describes. Even before any literary ambitions were hers, she was accustomed to write her recollections and impressions of them. Three years ago she competed for and won a prize offered at the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod for the best novel of Welsh life. Her story was published in a leading North Wales weekly paper, was translated into Welsh, and was much appreciated where its truth to life could best be tested. After that she translated a pastoral of some length, by "Ceiriog," into English, which appeared in several consecutive numbers of *Wales*, a periodical edited by Professor O. M. Williams, of Oxford. Besides these and a few short poems, she has as yet published nothing else; but a new story from her pen will be ready next year.

There is excellent stuff in "A Welsh Singer," and a more artistic use of her material may be expected in the writer's later books. Its chief attraction lies—to English readers, at least—in its apparent remoteness from common life, in its reversion to an earlier model, the growth of a simpler age. In truth, the Welsh scenes and characters are realistic enough, being drawn from life, and in no way a cast back to primitive times, but a fair representation of existence as it may still be in lonely Welsh country sides, where ambitions are different from ours, and where the love of art is so strong as to survive much hardship and lack of encouragement. The English scenes might easily be bettered, but the Welsh parts are charming. Mifanwy, on the slope of Moel Mynach, keeping her sheep and overlooking the wild sea, is a haunting figure, and whenever she or Ieuan come back there, they gain in reality as they do in romance.

THE READER.

R. H. HUTTON—AN ESTIMATE OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

IN all matters relating to intellectual culture or to literary judgment, the late R. H. Hutton was, in a degree not yet sufficiently recognised, a type of his age. His mental training could have been provided by no other period than his own, and in no other conditions of life save those in which he had been placed. Of new intellectual and largely scientific discipline, he was, beyond a doubt, among the most finished products that our generation has seen. Trained at a German University, as well as saturated with the culture of the University of London, he was not only the loyal champion of the latter throughout his life; he left an impression of himself at the former which is not effaced to this day. The Roman historian, Mommsen, now Professor at Berlin, delivered in Hutton's time some lectures at Bonn. The first question which the Teuton savant put to an English visitor in the year 1883 related to the British student who had attended his classes, and who had since become known throughout Europe alike by his newspaper and his independent writings. "That young man," were Mommsen's words, "took away from my lectures not only all the knowledge I could give him, but much mental nutriment for which he was indebted to his own genius." In his little monograph on his friend, Walter Bagehot, Hutton has himself given his readers some insight into the forces which visibly stamped their character on his own mind as well. Though, like Bagehot, he grew up amid influences dominantly scientific, his literary sympathies, also like Bagehot's, were never anything else than keen, and were most wisely regulated. Here, as in Bagehot's case, too, the essentially Conservative character of the man showed itself. The favourite author of the scientific writer on the British constitution, on the economics and organisation of Lombard Street, was Walter Scott. "Old Mortality" is actually one of the last books that Bagehot ever held in his hand. Hutton's favourite author in moments of relaxation was Jane Austen. In his writing, good taste kept him from the technicalities of language that in her latest works George Eliot sometimes employed; self-discipline restrained him from a rhetorical use of metaphors. When, however, a trope of some kind seemed necessary to illustrate his meaning, his mind went as naturally to the images of the laboratory as the pen of bygone writers would have turned to some classical simile, or an Attic dramatist would have illustrated his text from the operations of seamanship, wherein his countrymen excelled. Thus, in a passage in the *Spectator* that many will still remember, the mind of the late Lord Derby was compared to a series of condensing chambers. The touch was not picturesque, but as the subject of it said at the time to a friend at the Athenæum Club, it hit him off as nothing else could. Between that son of the Rupert of debate and the *Spectator* writer there was a certain resemblance, minimised, however, by the fact that, whereas the fifteenth Earl of Derby was largely a materialist, no one in the common sense of that word can have been less of a materialist than Richard Holt Hutton.

It has been said or surmised that Hutton owed many of his attainments to the influences of his craft or even to the traditions of his own journal. That is absolutely the reverse of true. The *Spectator* indeed had been in existence many years when by its later proprietors it was acquired more than a generation ago from Rintoul. But at the time that the new managers of the *Spectator* began their work, they found no sort of pattern for themselves in existence. Just as, rather before this date, the *Saturday Review* had grown out of the Peelite *Morning Chronicle*, so the new *Spectator* may be said to have grown out of the old; but in order of time only. Albany Fonblanque's work on the *Examiner* was still perhaps on men's lips; it had passed from their minds. Those who wish to know what the *Examiner* resembled may turn to a little volume of selections from it published some years ago by Messrs. Bentley. Those extracts read almost like a collection of cuttings from a contemporary comic journal. They contain not the faintest suggestion for the inspiration of the print which Hutton and his colleague made. Before the man now spoken of began the work by which he will best be remembered, he had trained himself most thoroughly not only by his studies under professors like Mommsen, but by the work of the French journalist and pamphleteer, Paul Louis Courier, whom afterwards Bulwer Lytton, in his spirited and instructive essay, introduced to the English public. From the French master of his craft Hutton no doubt derived some of the skill in the analysis of a political situation, or of a statesman's policy that made the reputation of his own newspaper. As a writer on current events, he first made, so far as his countrymen were concerned, his mark by the articles supporting the Federal statesmen during the American Civil War. The influence exercised by these writings on the most educated portion of the public was immediate and enduring. They gave the *Spectator* its position with the most thoughtful readers of London clubs, in Oxford and Cambridge common rooms, and among representative circles throughout the country. No disquisitions of the sort on topics of the moment combining so much subtlety and good sense, so much of honesty and thoughtfulness in dissecting a policy, of enlightenment in forecasting its results, had yet appeared. "All can grow the flower now," because, in Tennyson's words, "all have got the seed." But in the English press the seed was sown by the *Spectator*.

That this newspaper has thus become a real organ of English education on the weekly progress of the world is due to the earnestness and acumen, the industry and ability, and other equipments for his work that were united in the man who has just gone. Socially, the position of Mr. Hutton was as typical and representative as his work with his pen. The great feature of our times seems to be the formation of a little society bounded by no distinctions of race, of political or religious creed, which has as its object the promotion of the higher and deeper interests of life. While the world of fashion has been, during Victorian days, organising itself into a glittering and rather noisy company of pleasure-hunters or seekers after gay effects, a little body which really deserves to be called an aristocracy has been cultivating existence as a serious question, and collecting from every quarter fresh lights to throw upon it. Several little coteries have been formed during recent years for this purpose. The Metaphysical Society may no longer survive under that name; but its spirit lives. Its labours are perpetuated by different associations under changed titles. Mr. Gladstone is only one of several statesmen who have taken an active part in this enterprise. More than one bishop in the Anglican, Cardinal Manning in the Roman Church are only a few of the more famous divines who, harmoniously agreeing to differ, have co-operated with their secular colleagues. Lord Acton, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, and the late Lord Arthur Russell are but a few specimens of earnest and cultivated men of the world who have done much to redeem their generation from the charge of hopeless immersion in frivolity. Apart from his newspaper work, Mr. Hutton was actively associated with these men. A profitable little volume might be filled with his table talk on the occasions of his meeting with his associates, as well as with essays which he prepared for reading in the little society, and speeches that he contributed to the informal debates. Other features of his specific work in periodical letters may easily be defined. No editor was ever a better judge of the possibilities of his contributors. None ever imbued them with so much of his own spirit, or trained them more successfully to the production of what he wanted. The single paragraph "review," pithy but not ponderous, condensing a page into a few lines, was comparatively unknown to the English press until he showed his contributors how it should be done. The influences of the French journalist Courier, and others of that school, might always be traced in Hutton's newspaper work. They were seen, indeed, not in any epigrammatic condensation, but in a certain impression of strength in reserve which Hutton's writings always convey. Few men who wrote so much, wrote so perfectly "within themselves." All his articles, literary or political, are noticeable quite as much for their power suppressed as for the power put forth. This quality perhaps explains other characteristics of the man. It may even be connected with his departure from the religious communion of his birth and his settlement in the Established Church. Arnold, Coleridge, and F. D. Maurice were no doubt influences in that direction. Their weight, however, collective or individual, may very easily be exaggerated. Those who knew the man best, and with whom he conversed with the most confidence on such subjects, attributed Hutton's final preference for the State Church of his country to the attraction possessed for him by its liturgy. Its prayers and collects, in their dignified simplicity, restrained eloquence, and soothing power, were the sort of thing irresistibly to appeal to his heart and imagination, as they have appealed to so many others of a temperament very unlike his.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

MR. HAY FLEMING'S "Mary, Queen of Scots" took three years in the writing, and who shall review it in three days, far from libraries? I must be content to give the general impression; if there be errors in fact in such an array of facts and citations, it is not for me to detect them by aid of memory. Mr. Hay Fleming gives facts without theory, his volume tracing the Queen's life till her flight into England. In sympathy we differ, not that I am a "Mariolater," but that I am no friend of John Knox and the Regent Moray, who are dear to the learned author. If there is a fault in taste, it may be detected in the polemics. Sir John Skelton is not here to answer for himself, and the severe censures on a picturesque writer were penned, of course, while he was here to fight his own battles. Father Stevenson, again, was never guilty, one may be sure, of intentional "perversion"; it is unconsciously that we do all err. So far I would venture to differ from Mr. Hay Fleming. For the rest, his narrative (to p. 176) is succinct, lucid, and confined to the essential, while his notes (pp. 177-543) are copious, minute, and controversial, including an Itinerary, or Diurnal, of patient research, and several new documents.

From this distribution of his space, it will be seen that Mr. Hay Fleming is no picturesque historian; he writes for severe students, and by them, I am confident, his work will be welcomed. To myself it appears that many of the rumours of the period might be neglected, especially the endless charges of poisoning. That James V. was poisoned, that Mary poisoned the King of France, that Darnley's illness was due to poison, was certain to be said in an unscientific age, but is certainly false. If Bishop Lesley really told the story against Mary, why, the Bishop, says Mr. Hay Fleming, lied boldly on other occasions. Other scandals, as about Mary's birth (a daughter of Cardinal Beaton !), about her unholy relations with one of her uncles, about an amour with Riccio, seem to me worthy of neglect. The "fraudulent will" of James V. is also, on the evidence, a rather vague hypothesis, while a scandal about Mary in Loch Leven castle is mere tattle. Probably such gossip had to be recorded, and, in giving the sources, Mr. Hay Fleming sufficiently discredits it, in my opinion at least.

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* "Mary, Queen of Scots." By D. Hay Fleming. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

For the general impression : Mary never had a chance. As an infant she was to be entrusted to "the four lords least suspected," where all deserved suspicion. She was a woman, young, fair, a Catholic by education, sentiment, and conviction; a queen to be married, in a maze of political and religious jealousies; conspired against and thwarted, and entrapped, by her cousin of England, and by every Scot who took English gold, or saw his own advantage in treason. Had any one of the many Scottish kings who came as a minor to the crown, been a woman, that woman's life would inevitably have been a tragedy, even before the war of Religion. Except in abdicating or turning Protestant, Mary had never a chance. She was brave, high-spirited, indomitable, eager, and, to her friends, loyal, as her women were loyal to her. No doubt, as Mr. Hay Fleming shows, she did not escape the taint of the Valois Court in her education. That she was a Messalina, a woman of gallantry, I see no proof whatever. But that she had a fatal fever of passion for Bothwell, which, combined with revenge for the unpardonable sin of Darnley, led to crime and ruin, I cannot doubt. Looking the whole narrative of her abduction and third marriage in the face, as Mr. Hay Fleming gives it, and leaving (as he does for the present) the Casket Letters out of the case, Mary loved Bothwell, and was guilty of Darnley's death. A jury, perhaps, could not condemn her, but we dare not absolve her. This was Sir Walter Scott's opinion; his reason and his sentiment, he says, were at odds. Again, she was old enough, and acute enough, to understand her own duplicity, in the secret documents which she signed when she married the Dauphin. It was an age of duplicity, nor was she a miracle of sincerity, as a Queen of sixteen. She is accused of "suspiciousness"; she would have been an idiot had she been confiding. She was a Catholic; the fanatics of Scotland required her to persecute her own religion, and would fain have denied to their Queen the rites of her faith. This was unendurable. Like James V., she offered the premature boon of tolerance, which, doubtless, she would have refused at the first safe opportunity. In that age somebody had to be persecuted; but, as matters fell out, she, not her subjects, were insulted, were sufferers. If we blame her for her intentions, we cannot absolve Knox and the rest for their practice. She first puzzles one by her treatment of Huntly and the Gordons, wherein her conduct remains inexplicable. If chance she ever had, it was to join the Catholic North, raise her standard, and fight it out in fair field. But she ruined the Gordons, and why? Nobody can tell us; if Huntly was a traitor, a Catholic traitor might have been made more serviceable than a perjured Protestant. As to Riccio, he fell as Cochrane fell, and would have fallen without the scandals which were circulated. He was a favourite, a foreigner, and not a gentleman. Murray, in these troubles, got his deserts from Elizabeth. Mary did not forgive, what was beyond forgiveness, the conduct of Darnley, but her courage and skill extort applause. The intrigues working towards Darnley's death are unfathomable, and here it is the adroitness of Murray that commands our esteem. We cannot say he did it, whatever we may surmise. The clumsy method must have been suggested by one who desired Darnley's death, and also desired to profit by the stupidity of the execution. As to Mary's part, her French allies, her very ambassador to France, had obviously no doubts. About all this reluctant and infatuated treachery, we must give up the defence of Mary. She was no better than the men about her, the men who later were her accusers, and who spoiled their own case against her by the inevitable dishonesty with which they conducted it.

That is the general impression: a brave, loyal, affectionate, and eager woman was ruined, morally and materially, in the toils of religious revolution, and among the snares which beset her from false friends, cruel kindred, and roaring Presbyterian persecutors. More than a general impression I cannot offer, for reasons already given. Mr. Hay Fleming's learned and laborious work only confirms (as usual) what has long been my opinion. But Mary died a better death than the horror-haunted Elizabeth, and I think I would rather risk my future fortunes with the Queen of Scots. One absurdity I may notice, that the swarthiness of some of Mary's successors was derived from—Riccio! James VI. was a fair man. His sons were not swarthy. But James III. (of Scotland) was of a southern complexion, as was "The Black Bird," James VIII., who strangely resembled the Morton portrait of Queen Mary. The aforesaid absurdity is tattle from "The Hind Let Loose."

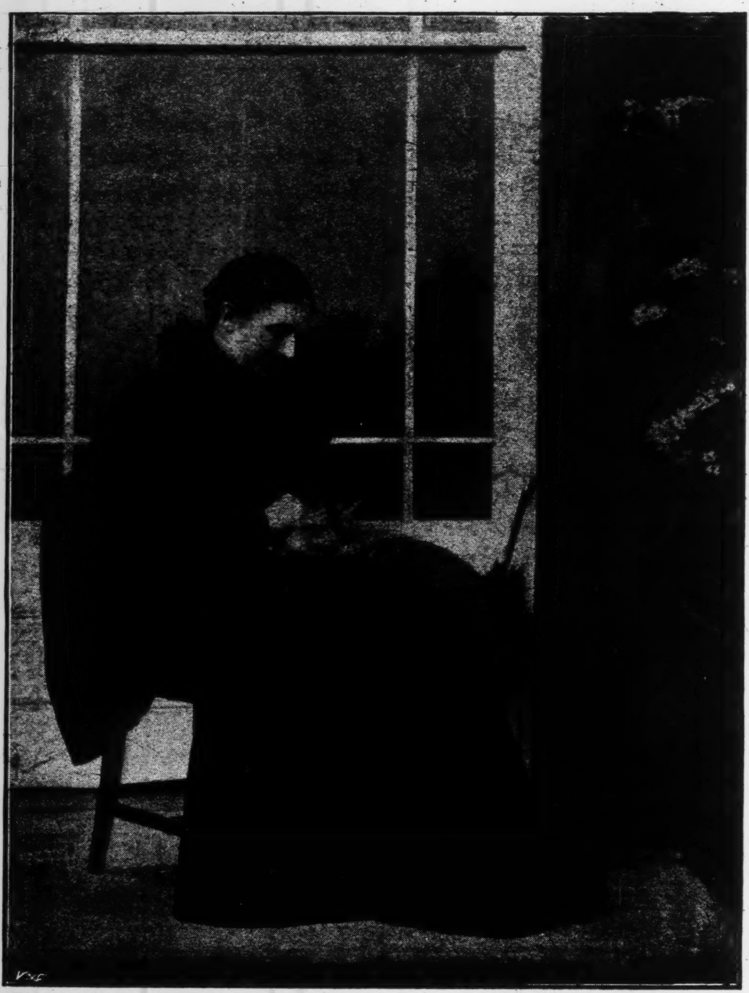
Andrew Lang.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

A Character Sketch.

It would be difficult to imagine a quieter and more lovely retreat for a literary worker than the village of Aldbury, close to which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made her country home for the last five years, and which has furnished her with scenery, and not a few incidents, for the novels written during this period. Aldbury is three miles from the market town of Tring and is a typical English village, unspoiled by modern improvements. It nestles amongst green wooded hills, and its low houses and thatched cottages surround a wide open space, in the centre of which is a large duck pond. Doubtless, in days gone by, the scolding wives received their dipping in this water, just as village miscreants were placed in the stocks which still stand by the side of the pond, opposite to the church. Mrs. Humphry Ward's home, an ancient manor house, stands in its park a little way above the village, and received its name of the "Stocks" from those old-time instruments of punishment. It is little wonder that they figure both in "Marcella" and "Bessie Costrell," for one cannot pass through the village without being attracted to the quaintly picturesque spot where they stand, under the shadow of a great tree. Near by are some long, low, Elizabethan cottages, their black and white timbered fronts with difficulty preserved by additions of brickwork.

There is a tradition in the district of a great lady who ordered a labouring man to be put in the stocks because he neglected to take off his hat to her. Taking up our "Marcella" we read :—"My grandmother, who was as good and kind a woman as ever lived, was driving home through our village one evening, and a man passed her, a labourer, who was a little drunk, and who did not take off his hat to her. She stopped, made her men get down, and had him put in the stocks there and then —the old stocks were still standing on the village green." The connection is obvious, and, indeed, throughout "Marcella" we find Aldbury and its history continually suggested, and the whole teaching of the book, as exemplified in the opinions of its heroine, is to show the iniquity of "the power of the stocks"—the unfair advantage of the rich landowner over those who till the ground.



Photographed by] [*J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampsted.*

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Shortly before Mrs. Ward came to Aldbury, a terrible poaching affray had taken place in a wood at the back of her grounds, in which some poachers killed two gamekeepers. There was much excitement in the district occasioned by it, and doubtless this led Mrs. Ward to a study of the game laws, resulting as we know in the whole question being threshed out by her socialistic heroine, Marcella. The poaching catastrophe itself was also introduced into the story, under slightly altered circumstances, in the murderous encounter between Westall the gamekeeper and Hurst the poacher. Mrs. Ward wrote this novel in her study at the Stocks, a room with a beautiful outlook over the park and the wide uplands beyond. One could fancy, indeed, that the opening description of Marcella on her knees at the window of the old family mansion, to which her father has lately succeeded, and the landscape which met her eye, was suggested by the novelist's view from her own study window; there are the same "beeches of splendid maturity" and the Scotch firs, the vast lawn and "the unbroken piece of wood and cultivated ground." The Stocks is a very old house, originally inhabited by one of the landed families of the district, and although not an actual prototype is certainly suggestive of Mellor Park, Marcella's home, while the great estate which lies contiguous might serve for that of the "Maxwells of Maxwell Court."

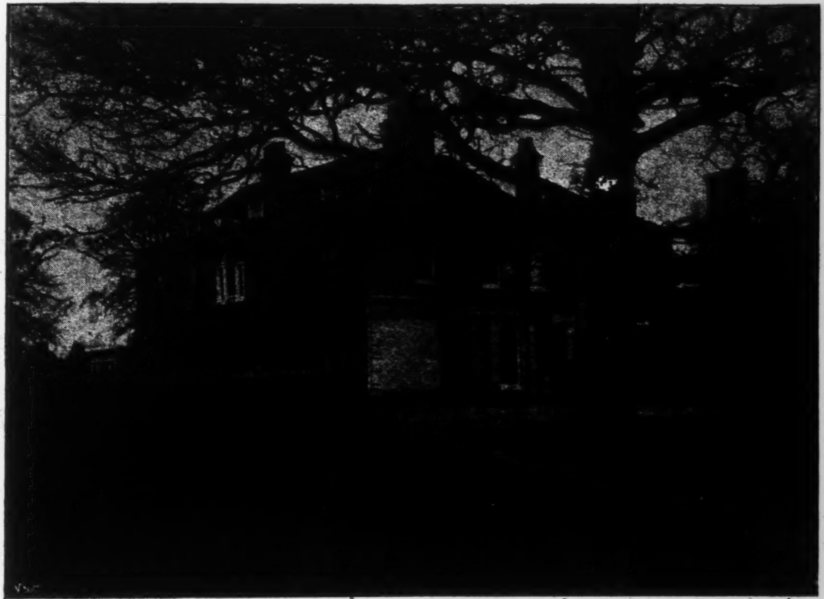
Sympathetic as Mrs. Ward is with the sorrows and needs of the poor, she is not exactly suited for playing the *rôle* of an active Lady Bountiful, and it is seldom, if ever, that she enters any of the Aldbury cottages. Still, the people like to see her kind and pleasant face as she drives through the village, and they all know that no one would apply at the Stocks for help in vain. Mrs. Ward's family consists of a son and two daughters, and they are active in promoting various little schemes for the good and pleasure of the people, especially Miss Ward, who is a frequent visitor in the cottages. During this summer she has been having batches of poor children down from London and boarding them in village families, thereby bringing grist to the home mill of the necessitous in the place, and at the same time securing the city sparrows a country holiday. The children are allowed to play in the park at the Stocks, and many kind words do they get from its mistress, to whom nothing appeals more readily than joyless childhood. Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward keep a very hospitable house, and as they are only an hour's railway ride from London they are seldom without guests. Mrs. Ward's social tastes are not for the fashionable world; she abhors the smart sets, and mixes chiefly in literary, artistic, and academic circles. Culture is the predominant note in her home. Reserved and somewhat constrained in manner when in public, she displays a quiet wit to her intimates, and is a pleasant and bright talker. There is nothing of the severe recluse or the "blue" about Mrs. Ward; she is a lady upon whom learning sits naturally and gracefully. In appearance she is tall and distinguished-looking, with dark wavy hair, simply arranged, brown eyes, and full red lips. She has a very sweet smile, and a clear, melodious voice. I recall watching Mrs. Ward's intense enjoyment of a humorous old English ballad at a concert in a London drawing-room, and am inclined to think that she liked the fun of that song more than the classical pieces which followed. Yet this same lady could deliver a lecture upon English Unitarianism, and hold some of the most noted divines of the day in rapturous attention. The lecture platform is not, however, a place which attracts Mrs. Ward; there is something offensive to her æsthetic soul in the drudgery of platform work, and the agent who could persuade her to undertake a transatlantic tour is certainly not born.

Her first public speech was delivered at the inauguration of University Hall, a scheme most dear to Mrs. Ward's heart, and which arose, as we all know, out of "Robert Elsmere," and it has only been on one or two occasions since that Mrs. Ward has been tempted in the interests of some special question or movement to address a public audience. Her style of speaking is academic—quiet, devoid of strenuous argument or oratorical embellishment, and her voice, though clear and melodious, is not strong enough to cover a large building. Mrs. Ward has not made public speaking a study, or she might doubtless, like Lady Henry Somerset, have trained her voice to compass the limits even of Queen's Hall.

Photographed by] [*J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampsted.*

ALDBURY VILLAGE.

It is, however, as a novelist of an earnest and cultured type that we have to consider the author of "Robert Elsmere." The qualities which made the writing of such a book possible were hers by inheritance. She is an Arnold, which counts for much. Her birthplace was at Hobart, Tasmania, where her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, the son of the famous Master of Rugby, and brother of Matthew Arnold, held an educational appointment. Only the first five years of Mrs. Ward's life were passed in Tasmania, so that her recollections of colonial life are dim. Upon his return to this country her father became a professor in the now defunct Roman Catholic College, Dublin, afterwards joining, for a time, Newman's Brotherhood at the Oratory, Birmingham, and finally settling down to a literary life at Oxford. His famous daughter meantime was receiving her education at boarding schools in the lake district, and at Clifton; and upon leaving school she began her literary career as a girl in the academic atmosphere of Oxford, under her father's guidance and inspired by the society of such men as Mr. Mark Pattison, and Thomas Hill Green, Professor of Moral Philosophy. While little more than a girl she became the bride of Mr. Humphry Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, and for the first eight years of her married life she remained in the classic shades of Oxford, pursuing her literary studies in the Bodleian Library. She wrote critical essays for the reviews, made a special study of Spanish history and literature, teaching herself the language for the purpose, and also essayed fiction in the shape of an unpretentious little story for children, entitled "Milly and Olly." But while this book gave no indication of the mind which was to make its mark in fiction as the delineator of a soul struggling with religious doubt, the author was herself thinking out the problem, and there lay in her desk at Oxford an essay, unpublished for want of sympathisers, which contained the germ of "Robert Elsmere"



Photographed by] [*J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampsted.*

STOCKS, MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S RESIDENCE.

Mrs. Ward may be said to have been reared amidst religious unrest. Her father was at Oxford during the heat of the Tractarian Movement, and carried its influence into his after life, becoming while in Tasmania a convert to Romanism, returning after some years to the Protestant faith, and then again seeking the fold of Rome. It is easy to understand that his soul difficulties had an influence upon the young daughter who was his constant companion until her marriage, and turned her thoughts in the direction of religious doubt and struggle. But when Mrs. Ward came to write, the fierce conflict of the Oxford Movement between the "Low" Church and the "High" had abated, and the question which was exercising the religious world was the advance of Broad thought in Christian doctrine, and the attitude of the Church towards Socialism, and it was upon these lines that the story of Elsmere's struggle was penned.

Photographed by] THE PARK, STOCKS. [*J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampsted.*

It was not until after Mrs. Ward had removed with her husband to London, and had assisted him in the preparation of "The English Poets," and herself published "Miss Bretherton," a light and pleasant novel, that she returned seriously to the writing of "Robert Elsmere," she having been more than ever drawn to the subject by Amiel's "Journal Intime," which she had been engaged in translating. The thoughtful preface to this book conveyed to the reading public the first indication of the trend of Mrs. Ward's mind. Criticising the position of the lonely Genevese thinker, she says, "The age of the fearless is passing; those who speak with authority on the riddles of life and of nature, as the priests of this or that all-explaining dogma, are becoming less important as knowledge spreads, and the complexity of experience is made evident to a wider range of minds. The force of things is against the *certain people*. Again and again Truth escapes from the prisons made for her by mortal hands, and as humanity carries on the endless pursuit she will pay more and more respectful heed to voices like the voice of the lonely Genevese thinker."

It is hardly possible that Mrs. Ward took herself so seriously, when she wrote "Robert Elsmere," as to suppose that she was going to create something of a revolution in the world of religious thought, and the reception which the book received upon its publication, in 1888, came as an overwhelming surprise to her. It was much more than the popular novel of the year, it seized upon the thinking portion of the public. The reviews and quarterlies took it as a book for grave discussion, and a no less distinguished nonprofessional theologian than Mr. Gladstone made it the subject of a lengthy article, in which he spoke of it as a book destined to make a "very sensible impression, not however, among mere novel readers, but among those who share in whatever sense the deeper thought of the period."

Never, surely, had any novelist, still less a woman writer, been taken so seriously before, and whether she willed it or not, Mrs. Ward found herself regarded as the priestess of the broader thought. Uneasy might lie the head of a novelist thrust into such a position. Mrs. Ward maintained her equilibrium, and published no other novel for four years. Meanwhile she was fêted and lionised as much as her retiring disposition would allow. One of the most memorable of her public appearances was at the reception given in her honour by the Cosmopolitan Club, and an interesting figure she made in her simple white gown, discoursing upon the relation of morality and Christianity in diffident but earnest tones. She was accompanied by her father, looking naturally pleased at his daughter's triumph, although I believe that had Mrs. Ward taken the advice of her nearest relatives she would not have ventured on the publication of "Robert Elsmere" at all. There is a particularly close bond of feeling between Mrs. Ward and her father, and it was to him that in love and gratitude she dedicated "Marcella."

Before the *furore* regarding the publication of her book had subsided, the author sought to give the interest which it had aroused some permanent expression by the founding of University Hall, not as has been erroneously supposed for the establishment of a new religious sect, but as a home where those calling themselves Christians, without distinction of creed, could meet for mutual benefit, and for the purpose of helping the poor and distressed around them. It has three branches—a lecturing agency, a Settlement, and a Socialistic centre. Of the Settlement Mrs. Ward says, "To me a Settlement is first and foremost a place of meeting, a means of comradeship between those who have much to gain from each other, and who, but for the Settlement, might as things are now, miss those joys alike of giving and receiving which ought to be theirs. The true home gives kindness, knowledge, art, amusement, to its children. The help and service that its inmates yield to each other carries no demoralisation with it; it is based on a true sympathy. So, with the larger home of the Settlement, it is there to do something more than our private homes can do for the equalisation of opportunities and conditions."

Since its inauguration University Hall has been Mrs. Ward's great care. She is the Hon. Secretary, and a liberal supporter of the enterprise. It had its first home in Gordon Square, only a short distance from Mrs. Ward's then–London home in Russell Square; she has since removed to a handsome residence in Grosvenor Place. The temporary home of the Settlement until the new hall at the corner of Tavistock Place is completed, is now at 53, Bedford Square, where a warden and a band of residents, men with mind and heart aglow in the cause of humanity, lead a life of study and philanthropic activity. The social centre of the scheme is at Marchmont Hall, where, under Mrs. Ward's fostering care, clubs and societies for men and women, young and old, have been formed.

Mrs. Ward has not taken any pronounced attitude towards the Woman's Movement, except on its educational side. While at Oxford she was upon the committee for promoting the higher education of women, and has remained a strong sympathiser with all that tends to give women an equal intellectual equipment with man. By heart and instinct Mrs. Ward belongs more to the *purdah* type of women—shunning publicity and delighting in the seclusion of home—than to the advance guard of the "Moderns"; yet one cannot read her books without realising that she has very strong sympathies with the women who, like her own Marcella, fret against the bonds of sex and custom, and aspire with passionate longing to be free to work out their own mental and social salvation and that of everybody else. She takes a decided stand against anything which has a tendency to place men and women in separate or opposing camps. Union between the sexes and personal freedom for each is her ideal. She would break down the bondage of the married slave, of either sex, just as she would seek to establish a common citizenship between the rich and the poor; those of unlimited opportunities, and those of restricted position in life. Certainly a novelist who gives her favourite heroine the sum of two thousand a year to spend exactly as she likes, even on socialistic schemes with which her husband is not in full sympathy, cannot fairly be considered much behind the spirit of the times. Balance is, perhaps, the dominant note in Mrs. Ward's character. Of deep religious feeling she allies herself with no particular sect, but prefers to be known only by the name of Christian. She dislikes bare formalism in worship, and has an artistic love of the æsthetic, as exemplified in beautiful sanctuaries and ornate service and ritual. Her religion is one of deeds and not of dogma.

T.

A TALK ABOUT MR. HALL CAINE AND HIS CRITICS.

MR. HALL CAINE has declined many invitations to answer his critics. He stands by his book as it is published, considering that his best is in that, and that he has little to add to it. It is significant that the second edition of "The Christian" contains various typographical corrections, and one or two changes in technical matters, but no material alteration of any kind. There is also no preface, so it is clear that the author has no present intention of making any reply. This silence is remarkable in view of the vehement opposition which the book has provoked. It might even be considered extraordinary in the light of attacks which, in certain quarters, have been perhaps more bitter and personal than anything that has been seen in English journalism since the beginning of the century.

But Mr. Hall Caine spent about a week in London during September, and was frequently seen by literary people. It was natural that he should be constantly interrogated on the points under discussion everywhere, and he is certainly not the man to restrain himself in private intercourse. The general opinion of his defence was, to quote a well-known writer, "that the kind and patient way in which he dealt with his critics made you feel more than anything else that he must be right." What follows is not an interview. Mr. Caine has repeatedly refused to be interviewed on "The Christian," and therefore it must not be understood to carry the weight of an authorised statement, but we think it may fairly be put forth as representing the tone of Mr. Hall Caine's replies in conversation to what has been said by his critics. It is understood that Mr. Hall Caine was not at all surprised at the opposition his book has provoked. All his friends are aware that six months ago he predicted the outcry of the classes who would consider themselves hurt, and expected that the dust and commotion made over side issues would entirely obscure for a time the literary claims of the story as a story which, in the author's view, has not yet begun "to have a show." It was also said that when this study of "The Christian" as a novel pure and simple at length began, it would be seen that criticism had for the most part gone off on a wrong track at the beginning; that "The Christian" was first of all a love story, and everything else was subordinated to that; that there was no single page or passage that did not come from the central motive of the love of two persons of opposing temperament, and that the character and complexion of everything else was accidental—accidental to the period and scene of the story, and to the tendency of the age.

Again the talk was that in America, which is sufficiently apart from some of our class interests (such as those, for example, which concern the Established Church), the book has been judged of much more independently, and as a consequence valued much more highly; that while the commercial success of "The Christian" has been just as great in the United States as in this country, its literary success has been beyond comparison greater; that making allowances for four or five adverse articles, the whole consensus of critical opinion throughout America has been more enthusiastic than perhaps has ever been known before even in that enthusiastic country; and that "The Christian" is widely said to be "one of the greatest books of the century." Thus Mr. Hall Caine is at present having a very unusual experience—in America a big wave of popularity, in this country an equally big wave of unpopularity. It is understood that Mr. Hall Caine thought the attacks made upon him were often so personal as to call for no reply, that there was a healthy sentiment in the public mind which rebelled against such a spirit in journalism; that the public had proved itself to be quite indifferent to personal matters; that an author's person and his conduct in life were side issues merely, and that all the public concerned itself with was his book; that the public had pronounced in favour of the book; and that in view of the great body of critics this fact was a great object-lesson on the influence of the modern press; that he owed nobody a grudge, though he thought some people had been hitting below the belt; that he had himself hit first, fairly he thought, vigorously he knew, and that, finally, he was too well aware that he had discharged a shell into the world to be surprised that the explosion had made a noise.

Then much has been said about Mr. Hall Caine's pictures of religious houses, of the hospitals, music-halls, and theatrical life. I find that the author quietly and confidently asserts his general accuracy on all these heads, and the talk has been that if necessary he could produce rebutting evidence against his critics which should be based not only on his personal experience (he has visited and slept at more than one religious house, and lived for a time the life of the Brothers), but also on actual documents which would, he thinks, carry conviction to any unbiased mind. Fifteen or sixteen years ago Mr. Hall Caine lived in one of the Inns of Chancery—Clement's Inn. He was then a friendless and lonely man in London (Rossetti was not long dead), writing on one of the provincial newspapers. His work did not occupy all his time, and as he had few houses to go to he spent long hours of leisure in the streets. It was at this time he explored Soho, Clare Market, etc., for he lived on the fringe of both. Indeed, he might be said to live in one of the two, for he was poor, had no servant, bought his own food in these markets, and cooked it himself. The people, men and women, of these districts became known to him at this period, and out of that experience came most of the street scenes, especially the night scenes, of "The Christian." To freshen and vivify impressions, however, he revisited the district a year and a half ago.

As to the hospitals, he seemed to maintain that his pictures (such as the much-debated board-room scenes) really maintain the character of such institutions for rigid and even unrelenting conscientiousness. And as to the music-halls and theatrical life, he seemed to think that his well-known acquaintance with music-hall artistes and leading actors and actresses, not to speak of his own inside and intimate knowledge of the stage in his character as a dramatist, ought to be proof enough that he knew his subjects. Then as to Glory—a certain coarseness of the grain of her nature was an effect aimed at, and the critics who had reproached him for it had missed an essential part of the intention, which was to show that stage life in all its forms may (and almost must) take something from the bloom of a girl's nature, but need not, even in its worst experiences, disturb her abiding charm and deeper purity. Indeed, this would appear to be the essential moral of the stage scenes, which therefore should not give offence to theatrical and "variety" people.

Then, again, it was understood that Mr. Hall Caine traces most of the errors of criticism to an unauthorised interview which appeared in the *Daily News* two or three days before the book was published. Seventy-five per cent. of all that had been written on the book in this country came directly or indirectly out of that unfortunate interview. I found that Mr. Hall Caine would not discuss the interview in public at all; he thought the matter had better drop. It is safe to say, however, that the general impression is that Mr. Hall Caine was not aware that he was being interviewed for the *Daily News*, that he did not know an article was to appear in that paper, that the article was certainly not intended to injure him, but rather to help him, that it contained a good deal that was quite true, but nothing whatever that he would have said to the public, and perhaps not a little that he wouldn't have said at all. I believe he has been offered public amends both by editor and reviewer, but has respectfully declined both, and as the injured party, only desires that the interview should be forgotten.

However, the one serious effect of the *Daily News* interview cannot be forgotten. It was to help to send criticism off on the line that the motive of "The Christian" was to show that the Christ life is impossible. This statement, apparently coming from him, appeared to convey the idea that his Christian was to be his ideal of a modern Christ, and the talk during Mr. Hall Caine's visit to London was that nothing in the world was further from his thoughts. Had it really been his intention to present a Christ in John Storm, nine-tenths of English criticism would be right and true. The error was a natural one. Moreover, the lines of parallel in the lives of the imaginary character and the divine figure were close enough to explain the mistake. It was quite easy to see how good people were hurt. But they had no real right to be hurt. John Storm is not at all Mr. Caine's idea of a Christ! It would be more proper to say that he was John Storm's own idea of a Christ, and the author is amazed that in the face of his many frank expressions about his central male character any reader in the world should imagine for a moment that he was setting up a new Messiah. All that pertains to that notion is absolute error, natural enough, perhaps, in the light of the *Daily News* manifesto, but utterly and even ridiculously wrong. So it is understood that Mr. Hall Caine puts aside in this way, with a single wave of the hand, fully half of the criticism that his book has provoked. For instance, he expresses a great regard and admiration for Mr. William Canton, who wrote what the critic believed to be a very severe attack on the novel, though the novelist considers it by far the strongest and subtlest tribute to his success that he has yet seen. We quote Mr. Canton's words from the September *Bookman*: "Has the author surpassed himself in delineating a complex, neurotic, passion-driven mortal who dreamed and believed himself to be a great religious and social reformer, and who, after having preached to others, himself became a castaway? . . . What a master stroke of irony had John Storm been a study in spiritual blindness, arrogance, and self-deception." Mr. Caine does not appear to admit that Mr. Canton's strong words fairly express the character of a high-minded, pure-spirited man, or yet properly indicate the actual nature of his downfall, but it is understood that he says Mr. Canton has really (though blindly) pitched upon his true meaning and intention in the general lines of portraiture.

And when asked why, then, he called the book "The Christian," instead of, say, "The Fanatic," he answers, "Because, whether fanatic or not, John Storm was according to his lights (which speaking generally are those of the contemporary type of Christian socialist) a very real Christian, a very faithful and literal Christian, though on one great personal issue of life a self deceived and self deluded man."

This seems at first a little hard to understand, but the novelist appears to have his own explanation, which cannot be better indicated than by quoting one phrase frequently on his lips: "Most of us nowadays are not Christians in the sense understood by the early apostles—we are merely *advocates* of Christianity." This means that John Storm, whatever his delusions, as his own inspiring motive was really trying in actual fact to live the Christ-life. Moreover that this life, judged of with the eyes of the world that saw him, and without the special light and the special spectacles which the author himself supplies as a means of examining the man's secret and inner motives, was really and truly the life of a very noble Christian, a self-sacrificing and much afflicted man. It is the author himself who lets us into the secret of the man's double motives, and gives us the pitiful sight of his broken purposes, his self-delusions, and the many sorry instances in which he is beaten about from wave to wave like a ship without a helm. Call the result unconscious hypocrisy if you like—the idea, though hard to define, is easy to understand. It is a significant fact, too, which throws light on all this, that another well-known Manx author recalls the circumstance that when Mr. Hall Caine began to write "The Christian" he used to say to his friends that his new hero was to be an *heroic* Cæsar Cregeen—the self-deceived character in "The Manxman." All this may lower the standard by which some readers are judging of "The Christian," but I don't think Mr. Caine would imply that there is no Evangel in the book. Very likely he would say there are twenty evangels, but none of them would be what criticism has attached to his supposed theory of a modern Christ.

Then the talk in many places has turned on Mr. Stead's fierce attack on "The Christian," based on the idea that Glory saves her life at John Storm's hands by overcoming him with the glamour of the senses. Mr. Stead has supported his theory by sub-editing his quotations in a way that is condemned by Mr. Caine's friends as amounting to something like literary immorality—one long passage being omitted from its place, and two other passages run together with the effect of producing an impression that is most certainly not to be taken from the book. But others have drawn Mr. Stead's inference on general grounds, though apparently the great body of readers are surprised and shocked by his revelation—if such it is. We understand, however, Mr. Caine emphatically and indignantly denies the interpretation put upon the scene in question, and a better idea of his attitude towards such criticism can hardly be conveyed than by telling a story of how he met it and rebuked it at the house of a well-known literary man a few weeks ago. Discussion had been running high and becoming warm at the table when Mr. Hall Caine was announced, whereupon the host cried, "Here comes the man who holds the key! Now, Hall Caine, what *did* happen on that night in Clement's Inn?" "I don't know," said the author of "The Christian." "I never thought of inquiring. It did not seem necessary to me to do so. I made all the investigations which art required of me, and after that what happened or didn't happen was no business of mine." There was general laughter, but in the talk that followed Mr. Caine expressed astonishment at the idea that he had gratuitously degraded his heroine by an act of unchastity. Such a thing was unnecessary, and therefore it must have been utterly inartistic. It was out of harmony with the whole idea of Glory's past life, and a gross blot on her future. Moreover it would have falsified the mystical marriage of souls with which the book closes, and made the girl's sacrifice of the world a grotesque farce. In short it was a libel—and a reproach in art. But the author added that when he wrote the much discussed scene he knew well it would be a kind of mouse-trap—it would be interpreted according to the characters of the persons reading it. "And now," he said, "I am standing by and watching with a good deal of envious interest the self-revelations which certain writers are making."

Mr. Hall Caine's conversation gives the idea that he thinks the critics (with the exception of Mr. Stead) have been all right and yet all wrong; that they have repeatedly reproached him with what was a part of his design; and that this is especially so in regard to his two leading characters, Storm and Glory. But during his visit to London Mr. Caine did not at all bear himself like a man with a grievance, being apparently sure that sooner or later the critical tide would turn in favour of "The Christian," and quite satisfied that the public, which is indifferent to unauthorised reviews and charges of self-advertisement, had already judged of the book for itself, and understood it perfectly.

W. R. N.

ADVICE ABOUT BOOKS.

A HUNDRED BOOKS FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Asked to name what I think the best hundred books for a village library, I am at a somewhat different standpoint from one who would name the best hundred books that literature has given us. This latter task would be but to put on paper the name of volume after volume that no one now reads, that no one to-day would derive any profit from reading. Sir John Lubbock once named the hundred books that he thought most interesting and most desirable of study, and he was addressing a working man's club. If Sir John Lubbock has read all of these himself, he has read some sad trash. One of them is the "Nibelungen Lied," which it may be presumed he did not expect the working men he addressed to study in Old German or Modern German. The book is available in English only in an absurd translation. If he had quietly mentioned Carlyle's essays as a source from which an English reader can obtain some knowledge of those delightful legends, he would have shown less pretentiousness. Is it anything but an affectation, further, which flings together Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Butler's "Analogy," "Locke on the Understanding," Hesiod, Descartes, Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," and The Ramayana and the Mahabharata, as books which a working man should study? Every one of these books should, of course, be rigidly avoided by every intelligent man outside of purely scholastic circles. Their perusal would make him a terror to his neighbours. And a recommendation of Hume's History is to be blind to the historical studies of half a century.

It is not in the least difficult to make a list of a hundred books perfectly "understanded of the people" which not only working men, but all of us might profitably read and re-read every ten years or so. In such a list I object to put Shakspere in bulk, now that Messrs. Dent and Mr. Gollancz have so adequately provided us with Shakspere's plays in separate volumes. Each one of Shakspere's greater plays has furnished forth a library of criticism, and is entitled to rank as a separate book. Besides this, many a beginner is liable to be repulsed by a recommendation so formidable as the whole of Shakspere's plays, perhaps in one more or less ill-printed volume, implies. If, say, half a dozen plays have been read with pleasure, the reader will be sure to turn to the others. The same criticism applies to Scott, to Dickens, or whoever may be the writer. One or two typical works open the door to the study of the author who most attracts the particular individual; and temperament and taste are so at variance that one man is repulsed by Dickens, but finds in Omar Khayyam a profound affinity; another delights in Dickens, and is bewildered by the praise which FitzGerald's paraphrase of Omar has secured in our day.

The hundred best books for a village library are not necessarily the hundred best books in the language. Mr. James Payn said that the reading of Sir John Lubbock's hundred books would make a man a hopeless prig. It would do more—it would make him a hopeless dullard. I cannot see what Sir John was driving at. He could not have intended to suggest the hundred best books in the world's literature, although he named numbers of classical books, much talked about and never read, and, indeed, impossible of modern consumption! He would surely not have included works by Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley in such a list, and have ignored Jane Austen. Lytton and Kingsley may fairly be included in any suggested hundred books for a village library, but their works are not among the world's great classics.

Here, then, is my list of a hundred books. It contains many that I do not pretend to call classics, but it contains nothing that will in the least bore any intelligent man or woman. My list does not include any books merely of information: scientific research or ordinary travel, for example. Literature I conceive to mean books presenting life in an artistic form. No man of science has ever been an artist, although some, as, for example, Darwin and Huxley, have been believed by their friends to have been such. One or two travellers have been artists, Borrow, for example. The Bible, of course, is taken for granted.

1. Homer's Iliad. Pope's translation.
2. The Odyssey. Butcher and Lang's translation.
3. Dante's Inferno. Translated by J. A. Carlyle.
4. The Purgatory of Dante. Translated by A. J. Butler.
5. The Paradise of Dante. Translated by A. J. Butler.
6. The Rubáyát of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward FitzGerald.
7. Cellini's Autobiography. Symonds's translation.
8. The Pilgrim's Progress.
9. Robinson Crusoe.
10. Gulliver's Travels.
11. Sterne's Sentimental Journey.
12. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
13. Bryce's Holy Roman Empire.
14. Letters of Cowper in the Golden Treasury Series.
15. Colvin's Selections from Landor in the Golden Treasury Series.
16. Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
17. Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
18. „ Esmond.
19. Dickens's Pickwick.
20. „ David Copperfield.
21. Fielding's Tom Jones.
22. Boswell's Life of Johnson.
23. Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
24. „ Autobiography.
25. Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, being vol. 1 of Morris's Chaucer in the Aldine Poets.
26. Shakspere's Hamlet.
27. „ King Lear.
28. „ Macbeth.
29. „ As You Like It.
30. „ Much Ado About Nothing.
31. „ Merchant of Venice.
32. Pepys's Diary.
33. Milton's Paradise Lost.
34. Dowden's Shakspere Primer.
35. Stopford Brooke's Life of Milton.
36. Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.
37. Johnson's Rasselas.
38. Arnold's Selections from Johnson's Lives of the Poets.
39. Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre.
40. Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë.
41. „ Cranford.
42. Carlyle's Past and Present.
43. „ Hero Worship.
44. Macaulay's History of England.
45. „ Essays.
46. George Eliot's Silas Marner.
47. Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.
48. Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth. (Golden Treasury Series.)
49. Matthew Arnold's Selections from Byron. (Golden Treasury Series.)
50. Stopford Brooke's Selections from Shelley. (Golden Treasury Series.)
51. Scott's Waverley.
52. „ Guy Mannering.
53. Scott's Ivanhoe.
54. „ Heart of Midlothian.
55. „ Marmion.
56. „ Lady of the Lake.
57. The Arabian Nights.
58. Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice.
59. Borrow's Bible in Spain.
60. Sheridan's School for Scandal.
61. Burns's Poems. (Globe Library.)
62. Moore's Irish Melodies.
63. Goethe's Faust. Anster's translation.
64. Schiller's Wallenstein. Coleridge's translation.
65. Coleridge's Poems.
66. Keats' Poems.
67. Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay.
68. Don Quixote.
69. Gray's Elegy.
70. Tennyson's Maud.
71. „ Idylls of the King.
72. Browning's Selected Poems.
73. Plutarch's Lives. Long's translation.
74. Dryden's Virgil. (Chandos Classics.)
75. The Greek Anthology. (Blackwood's Ancient Classics for English Readers.)
76. Horace. (Blackwood's Ancient Classics for English Readers.)
77. Southey's Life of Nelson.
78. Motley's Dutch Republic.
79. Prescott's Mexico.
80. „ Peru.
81. Tolstoi's Anna Karenina.
82. Green's Short History of the English People.
83. Lewes's Life of Goethe.
84. Lockhart's Life of Scott. Unabridged edition.
85. Rousseau's Confessions.
86. George Meredith's Evan Harrington.
87. Stevenson's Treasure Island.
88. Sir Walter Besant's Rabelais.
89. Taine's French Revolution. Translated by Durand.
90. De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium Eater.
91. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.
92. Charles Kingsley's Westward Ho!
93. Henry Kingsley's Geoffrey Hamlyn.
94. Balzac's Le Père Goriot.
95. Dumas's Monte Cristo.
96. Charles Reade's Cloister and the Hearth.
97. Longfellow's Poems.
98. Tourguéneff's Virgin Soil.
99. Lamb's Essays of Elia.
100. Ibsen's Master Builder.

Clement K. Shorter.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE.*

WHEN, in February last year, after Mr. Cust's dramatic exit, Sir Douglas Straight, LL.D., became editor-in-chief of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was returning to an early love. For as soon as he left Harrow he began to write for newspapers and magazines, including the *Glow-worm*. A call to the Bar in '65 deferred for thirty years the fulfilment of his journalistic aspirations. For fourteen years he had a large practice in England, and then became Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Allahabad. In '92 he retired on pension, returned to England, and was knighted. He represented Shrewsbury in the House of Commons '70-74, and unsuccessfully contested Stafford in '92. At fifty-three, Sir Douglas is brisk, energetic, genial, and unconventional. Though he writes little, he keeps close hold of the reins at 18, Charing Cross Road. In Mr. Lloyd Sanders he has an invaluable "deputy editor." He is an experienced journalist, aged forty, with a record of fifteen years' active work. He was on the staff of the old *National Observer*, under Mr. Henley, and some time London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*. He joined the *Pall Mall* in Mr. Cust's time. An older member of the staff is Mr. F. G. Higginbottom, who "does Parliament" and writes on political subjects. He was formerly on the Press Association, and has attained mid-life. A promising young journalist, not yet thirty, is Mr. R. E. N. Younger, who had a brilliant career at Oxford—was Ireland Scholar, etc. For some time an occasional outside contributor, he is now on the regular staff. The News department is under the direction of the "assistant editor," Mr. Thomas Fielders, a middle-aged American, who had much journalistic experience in the States, and went to the *Pall Mall* from the *Morning*. He has a gift for graphic descriptive work. At the head of the Newsroom is Mr. Maynard Saunders, his chief assistants being Mr. Spencer Payne and Mr. Moorhouse. The leaders are written by various hands, but always in the office. The chief writers are Mr. Lloyd Sanders, Mr. Higginbottom, and Mr. Younger; Mr. Fielders occasionally contributes one on American matters. The subjects of leaders and Occasional Notes and the line to be taken are settled by Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. Sanders, and the writer in consultation. Mr. Frederick Greenwood writes reviews, as well as signed "followers." In the reviews may also be traced the hands of Sir H. E. Maxwell, M.P. (sport is his specialty), Mr. Basil Thompson, Mr. C. Strachey, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. W. S. Seton-Carr, Mr. H. W. Wilson (who deals with naval books), and others. Mr. Churton Collins is a recent addition to the *P.M.G.'s* long list of contributors. Various writers, mostly women, supply "The Wares of Autolycus"; among them are Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Dew Smith, and Mrs. Whitley, who writes "The Glass of Fashion." Others of the many lady writers for the *Gazette* are Miss Nesbit and Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan). The dramatic, art, and music critics are, respectively, Mr. Lionel Hart, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson (cousin of Robert Louis), and Mr. Vernon Blackburn. The sketch-artist is Mr. G. R. Halkett, whose reputation as a draughtsman stands high. He occasionally writes notes on Art subjects, and is the author of one or two *Pall Mall* "Extras." City Notes are written by Mr. Bartrick Baker, late of the *Morning*, and the Sport editor is Mr. H. Ewing. Science Notes are written by Mr H. C. Marillier, Service Notes by Captain Cairns, R.N., Theatrical Notes by Mr. Hart, Silk and Stuff by Mr. Cohen, Country Notes by Mr. Anderson Graham, and Agricultural Notes by Mr. Murray. The Paris correspondent is Mr. Roland Strong, late of the *Morning Post*, and Signor Cortesi is the representative in Rome.

The business manager, Mr. H. Leslie, is the oldest hand on the *Pall Mall*. Beginning as a boy in the office, he has remained on the paper through all its vicissitudes. Everything outside the editorial department is in his charge.

Five editions of the *Pall Mall* are published—Second, Fourth, Early Special, Special, and Extra Special. The earliest appears about noon, and the latest at 6.30. On Saturdays three editions are published. The *Gazette* rarely consists of fewer than ten pages, except on Saturday, when eight is the usual number. In the busy season twelve pages are frequently given. One week last season five twelve-page and one ten-page papers were issued.

One of the few remaining relics of Mr. Stead's day is the notice which he exhibited at 2, Northumberland Street, and which now hangs in the new offices: "The Editor is invisible after twelve o'clock. . . . As time is short and callers are many, the latter are requested not to waste the former."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. H. D. Lowry has been spending his holiday in his native county, Cornwall, and has occupied himself largely in sea-fishing in the neighbourhood of the Lizard. It is understood that Mr. Lowry is now a regular member of the leader-writing staff of the *Morning Post*, of which his former chief on *Black and White*, Mr. James Nicol Dunn, is editor.

Mr. Harry Levick has left the staff of the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, after a seven years' connection, to become one of the sub-editors of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*. At a farewell gathering at the *Sentinel* offices, Mr. H. L. Thompson, editor, presented Mr. Levick with a handsome marble timepiece, as a token of esteem.

Considerable regret has been caused in North Staffordshire by the unexpected death, at the early age of thirty-seven, of Mr. David Lacey, who was the representative in that district of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and had an interest in the *Longton Times and Echo*. Mr. Lacey had been in low health since June, when his wife died. Under medical advice he went to his parents' home at Leicester, where he died on September 8th. Before joining the staff of the *Staffordshire Daily Sentinel*, about twelve years ago, Mr. Lacey was connected with the Bath press.

Mr. E. Neville Smith, for several years past junior sub-editor of the *Bradford Observer*, has become sub-editor of the *Leeds Express*. As a token of esteem, his confreres on the *Observer* presented him with a handsome travelling-bag and a silver cigarette case.

The daily edition of the *Manx Sun* has been discontinued. The *Isle of Man Times* is now the only daily newspaper published in the island. There are two editions, morning and evening. In Douglas there are five weekly newspapers; in Ramsey two, and in Peel one.

Journalism in East Anglia has sustained a great loss by the death, on September 8th, after prolonged illness, of Mr. James Spilling, editor of the *Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich. Born at Ipswich in 1825, Mr. Spilling commenced his career in a bookseller's shop. His first journalistic work took the form of articles on religious subjects for a local journal. In 1863 he went to Norwich to join the *Norfolk News*, and remained on the staff ten years. On the departure of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Spilling was appointed his successor, and the developments under his guidance included the *Eastern Weekly Press*; next, in 1870, the *Eastern Daily Press*, and, later, the *Eastern Evening News*. In spite of the demands thus made upon his time, Mr. Spilling found leisure for other literary work. His "Giles's Trip to London," in the local vernacular, was extremely popular. More serious work was done on the theology and philosophy of Swedenborg, in whose teaching Mr. Spilling had profound belief.

Sir Edward Russell, the new President of the Institute of Journalists, commenced his career as editor of a London district paper. He then came in contact with Mr. Whitly, of the *Liverpool Post*, gaining Mr. Whitly's heart by writing at very short notice an article on Prince Albert at the Statistical Congress. After a year or two Mr. Russell received from Mr. Justin McCarthy a position as leader-writer on the *Morning Star*, and formed an important connection with the *Scotsman*. Later on he took full editorial control of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, which under his direction, and with the extremely able management of Mr. A. G. Jeans, has become a prosperous and powerful paper, with its offshoots the *Liverpool Echo* and the *Liverpool Weekly Post*. Sir Edward Russell has a substantial proprietorial interest in the paper.

Another eminent Liverpool journalist is Sir J. A. Willox, who is to be presented with his portrait executed in oils by an artist of repute, along with an illuminated address. Lady Willox is to receive a present of jewellery. Extraordinary interest and enthusiasm has been evoked through all circles in Liverpool, where Sir J. A. Willox and Lady Willox are extremely popular.

SCOTLAND.

In recent years a number of new journals have made their appearance in the north of Scotland. In Inverness there are now five newspapers—a bi-weekly and four weeklies, Dingwall, county town of Ross-shire, has now three newspapers—an abnormal number for its small population.

The *Moray and Nairn Express*, a weekly published in Elgin, has obtained a satisfactory position in the district. It has been fifteen years in existence, and recently its premises were enlarged and improved. There is now published from the same office the *Distillers' Magazine*, a monthly. The editor is Mr. W. J. Mackenzie.

We understand on good authority that one capitalist has guaranteed £100,000 to found a Liberal daily in Edinburgh, provided a competent editor is secured.

IRELAND.

The increasing prosperity and influence of the provincial press are strikingly exemplified by the *Cork Examiner*, the leading organ in the south of Ireland. Its power is admittedly not less than that of the principal Irish metropolitan papers, and it is about to be permanently enlarged to the size of them. The *Cork Examiner* will consist of eight pages of eight columns, 207 lines in length. Two rotary machines have been purchased, and ten linotype machines have been in operation in the enlarged and improved offices. The editor and chief proprietor (a private and family company, Messrs. Thomas Crosbie and Co., having been recently formed) is the well-known ex-president of the Institute of Journalists.

Mr. Loxton Hunter, the London journalist who lost his wife whilst they were sailing off the coast of Donegal, has the sympathy of many friends in Cork. He was one of the metropolitan band who visited Ireland last spring at the invitation of the Irish railway companies, and have since rendered excellent service in urging Ireland's claims on the tourist.

We hear that Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Chairman of Directors of the *Daily Independent* Company, has been appointed managing director, and that in future he is to exercise supreme control in all departments of that journal, after the manner of Mr. Sexton in the *Independent's* rival, the *Freeman's Journal.*

We understand that Mr. Angus Mackay, editor of the *Weekly Irish Times*, has succeeded Mr. James Murray, of the *Express*, as Dublin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Weekly Irish Times*, by the way, was printed the other week in the extra offices in Abbey Street recently taken to accommodate duplicate machinery. The *Irish Times* itself used to be published in the same premises before it migrated to its present home in Westmoreland Street. This journal is now one of the finest newspaper properties in the three kingdoms, the split amongst the Nationalists having quite made its fortune. Its advertisements have so greatly increased, and it so frequently finds it necessary to issue a supplement, that (we understand) the management have decided soon to increase the number of pages and reduce their size, after the manner of the *Daily Chronicle* and other London journals.

THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Alfred Nutt, in his letter on "Shall the Publishers coerce the Booksellers?" which appeared in your last issue, has struck upon one of the most serious consequences of the discount system to the book-buying public. This is the fact, which appears to have been overlooked by most of the numerous writers on the subject, that the greater part of new books, outside those of fiction, are scarcely ever seen now on a bookseller's counter. It is so simply because we cannot buy such books in quantities, and to buy them singly means that we gain nothing by their sale. Mr. Nutt truly says a book to be sold must be *seen*, and the more booksellers there are the better for author and publisher alike.

We are "discount booksellers," and advertise ourselves as such, but we are not proud of the title. Competition alone compelled us first to give 2d. in the 1s., and then 3d. in the 1s. discount. (We may mention parenthetically that the bookseller who started the 2d. in the 1s. discount in this town went into liquidation and is out of business, and the other who started the larger discount was made a bankrupt and sold up!) The consequent change in our business may be taken as a sample of many others. At one time we were able to deal far more than now in standard high-class books, because we could afford to stock and keep slow-selling books. Now we fill our shelves and windows with the sensational literature, which finds a ready sale in consequence of newspaper puffs or abuse, and we spend far more time over stationery and fancy goods, because out of them only can we make a "living wage." It is a humiliating confession to make. But what are we to do? If we don't pay attention to the "fancy" department we could not keep open, and so would not be able to sell any books at all.

We are strong believers in the net system, against which the only real argument used is the one that cash and credit buyers will be on the same footing. This is true, but "net" books might be so arranged as to give, say, 5 per cent. for cash. Several writers say the public are so accustomed to discount that discount they will have. This may be so, but we have not found a single customer who, after explanation, refused to pay the full price for a net book. Many, on the contrary, have expressed their discontent with the present undignified system.

Nevertheless, we believe the preponderance of feeling in the trade is in favour of substituting 2d. in the 1s. for the present amount, rather than to carry out the net system in its entirety. In this matter we would certainly not object to be "coerced" by the publishers, but rather hail with delight their proposal to enforce a uniform discount of 2d. in the 1s. for cash. We confess, however, that we are afraid the competition in non-copyright books would make this difficult to carry out, but it would be comparatively an easy matter to insist upon all copyright books being sold at the advanced rate.

All magazines should be sold at the published prices. In this town we have no trouble in getting such, and consequently dislike those marked "net," as they cost us more, and call attention to the possibility of others being sold at a discount.

If the publishers should decide to carry out their proposition, we should suggest that they fix a definite date for a start with the new system, say two or three months, so that the public can get accustomed to the idea. But so much has already been written on the subject that the public are already half educated to the change.

Then the booksellers must form themselves into associations in each town, or, where possible, into groups of towns. Better still, have county associations. These need not interfere with the present Booksellers' Association, which is promising to do such good work, but they would be in a much better position to aid it than we can singly. These associations could be left to deal with the "black sheep" amongst them; the power of such associations has been recently well shown in one or two instances well known in the trade, and they would soon, if wisely carried on, earn the respect of both author and publisher.

The total abolition or the curtailment of discount would be advantageous to the bookseller, the author, the publisher, and the public—

To the bookseller, because he would have some profit from the sale of books.

To the author, because booksellers would be increased in number and, with better profits, would be able to stock more books.

To the publisher, for the same reason as the above, with the additional important one that booksellers would be more solvent.

To the public, because they would be able to get a better and a larger choice of books throughout the country.

A FIRM OF NORTH-COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In reply to your letter we have carefully considered the question of the proposed change in the discount allowed off new books to the public, and we are of opinion that any alteration would be very prejudicial to the sale of books, and that it could only be sustained by such interference with the liberty of the bookseller that would be very detrimental to his business and also most objectionable to himself.

For these and other reasons we shall do all in our power to oppose any alteration in the present system.—Yours faithfully,

F. AND. E. STONEHAM.

79, *Cheapside, E.C.*, *24th Sept.*, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In reply to your note of the 6th inst., I have read the articles on the proposed change in the rate of discount to the public off new books which appeared in THE BOOKMAN. I think the scheme should succeed, and hardly cause fewer books to be sold. But I should have preferred to continue the present rate and extend the net system, provided that publishers allowed more liberal terms on discount books, as the public buy more readily when 25 per cent. is allowed. Booksellers cannot at present afford to allow 25 per cent.

Some publishers wish the present arrangement continued, as they get more of their books sold, but they are very selfish, and look at the matter only from their own point of view, and do not consider the bookseller. To pay 4s. 2d. for a 6s. book and sell it at 4s. 6d. does not pay. And yet many 6s. novels are not worth 3s. 6d., judging from the amount of matter given. A 6s. novel, such as "The Christian," by Hall Caine, if published at 4s. 6d. net (3s. 9d. to the trade) would sell as well as if published on the discount principle. The public are entitled to have their interest attended to and to get good value for their money.

Dent's, Ruskin's, and other net books of superior quality and get-up are as saleable as any discount books. The proposed lower rate of discount should only apply to new copyright books sold singly. Buyers of parcels of several pounds ought to be allowed larger discount than 2d. off the shilling.—Yours truly,

JOHN RAE SMITH.

57, *Union Street, Aberdeen, Sept. 9th*, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—You ask my opinion regarding the proposed change in the discount off new books. I can really add nothing to what has been so well said by "Z." in THE BOOKMAN for August. The scheme, I think, is doomed to failure, as unanimity seems to be impossible so far as the retail trade is concerned.

It is those members of the trade who introduced this ruinous system with a view of "cutting out their neighbours" that are now calling out the most loudly for it to cease. I am afraid they will call in vain; the public have now been so long accustomed to receive the threepence in the shilling discount, will still continue to demand it, and will, I have no doubt, find someone ever ready to oblige them. It matters little what terms the publishers try to enforce; as "Z." remarks, there will be found booksellers who by some means or other would obtain books on such terms as would allow them to continue the old rate of discount. A Dundee Bookseller.

Dundee, 10th Sept., 1897.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—As regards the proposed change in discount, we think the suggestions now made on the part of the publishers are the most feasible yet put forward to solve existing difficulties, and the new arrangements should prove beneficial alike to author, publisher, and bookseller.

Books will be more extensively represented, and we feel confident that the slight advance in price will not materially affect the sales.

The fact of the publishers at last coming forward to assist the trade in the regulation of the discount augurs well for the revival or survival of a "trade" which surely in its true bearings is a "profession." D. B. Friend and Co.

77, *Western Road, Brighton, and* 56, *Church Road, Hove.*
Sept. 9th, 1897.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—We are entirely in favour of reversion to the old 2d. in 1s. discount, as being the most practical method of solving a question which has vexed the soul of the bookseller for so many years. The present system is utterly demoralising in its effect, both on buyer and seller, and the sooner it is swept away, and the trade placed on a more sound basis, the better.

That the public will object a little there is no doubt, but on the whole the alteration could be effected without much friction. The sale of second and third-rate books would perhaps be reduced, but as there is far too much trash produced at the present time, that may not be altogether undesirable.

If the additional 1d. in the 1s. on the price of a third of the books now poured out from the press had the effect of suppressing many pseudo authors, we would pray for the change on that ground alone.

As to the practicability of the scheme, there will be very little difficulty in its adoption, if the publishers take a firm stand and act unanimously, although we think the inclusion of school books in the proposed alteration would have simplified matters considerably.

Thomas Brear and Co., Ltd.

Kirkgate, Bradford, Sept. 8th, 1897.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—We view with entire approval the publishers' scheme for helping the bookselling trade by fixing the limit of discount that any bookseller shall be allowed to give at twopence in the shilling. Our experience is that the business has been unremunerative ever since the twopence discount was departed from, and that the result has been that the smaller, and many of the larger, booksellers have found it more and more difficult year by year to pay their way, and have been pressed out partially or entirely from the book trade. Another result to those who have remained has been that they have been compelled to look to books of the P.S.A. stamp more and more, and neglect the better class books, and hence the whole atmosphere of the book shop has deteriorated. We know that the public will have to pay more for their books under the new system, but because for so many years the booksellers have been serving the public for less than a "living" wage, that is no reason why they should continue in the future to do the same. There is likely to be some little friction for a short time, until the public get accustomed to the new conditions, but, from our experience, we do not think it will last long when they find that nowhere can bigger discounts be obtained. As for the publishers and authors, we believe they as a body will be the gainers eventually, though perhaps not immediately, because it will cause a wider interest to be taken in books in place of being concentrated on some half-dozen books of the day. After years of labour, endeavouring to induce the trade to come to some rational arrangement to relieve the strain which all have felt, we are in hopes that the present scheme will be carried forward and put into practice at an early date, and we fully believe that it will bring the dawn of a better and brighter day for all concerned.—Yours truly, Lupton Bros.

Burnley, Lancs.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—There is less possibility of a coercive rate of discount being enforced now than fifty years ago, when legal action was taken in the trade to put this practice into force, and it failed.

The character of modern books is so varied, the channels through which they are sold and the method of supplying them so diverse, that it would be quite impossible to make and adhere to a strict rule such as that proposed by the Publishers' Association. It might be maintained for a time in dealing with the higher classes of literature and the more expensive books, but how would it be possible to adhere to such a rule in the case of books supplied in quantities to schools, P.S.A.s, and similar institutions? The sale of cheap novels is never likely to live under such a *régime* for very long, and then there is our friend the draper to reckon with, who careers, unfettered by principle, through the counties.

The publishers are so numerous, their methods and interests so different, that, without absolute compulsion among them, the new scheme could not be carried out. So long as there is a minority going on the old lines, and giving exceptionally advantageous terms, the bookseller will naturally go to them, and prefer their books to those sold at more stringent rates. This will be a constant influence against the restricted discount literature, which would in the end probably upset the whole scheme. Elliot Stock.

62, *Paternoster Row.*

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of the 6th, regarding the discount question, I can add very little; of necessity I had to fall in with the practice, but would rejoice if all new important works were published at a net price, and on the usual run of books not more than 2d. off the shilling to be allowed, school books excepted.

I have been connected with the book business for nearly fifty-five years, and cannot now take the interest in this matter I might have done twenty years ago.

Some of the publishers are trying to improve the retail booksellers, but this is not the case with others, who forget, if they ever knew, the Golden Rule.—Yours respectfully,

John N. Mackinlay.

Albany Buildings, 492, *Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow,*
Sept. 8th, 1897.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter with reference to discount question.

We are very much in favour of the suggested reduction in discount having a fair trial, as we see no other way of putting the bookselling trade on a remunerative basis. At the same time, we fully realise that there are many difficulties ahead. Success will largely depend upon the loyal adherence of all branches of the trade.—We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Jarrold and Sons.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—We are strongly of opinion that the proposed change in the rate of discount off new books would greatly improve the condition of the bookseller, and benefit publisher and author alike.

To the bookseller the gain would be immense. He could dispense with the stationery and fancy goods to which he now looks for a living profit; he could devote all his capital and energy to *book* selling, keep a better and more varied stock, and encourage and assist those authors who are at present neglected in favour of those whose works always command a large and ready sale.

No doubt for a time the reduction of discount would create a feeling of dissatisfaction among some book-buyers. That it would not be general or permanent we are in a position to affirm, as the Dublin booksellers still adhere to the 2d., and manage to do a very considerable business. The public as readily give 5s. as 4s. 6d. when they know the book cannot be obtained for less; what they require is the book, not the sixpence. Besides, they did not in the first case demand the discount; it was the booksellers who foolishly gave it them.

That the scheme is practicable very few can doubt. It only requires firmness and cohesion on the part of the majority, and a determination not to be ruled by the insignificant minority, or frightened by the term "coercion."

If the Dublin booksellers, by mutual agreement, have maintained their position for so many years, in spite of strenuous opposition from a quarter where they naturally expected support and encouragement, surely 90 per cent. of the booksellers, and the majority of publishers, are strong enough to secure a like advantage to the booksellers of the United Kingdom.—We remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Ltd.
104, *Grafton Street, Dublin, Sept. 13th*, 1897.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—Kindly allow a country bookseller to offer a few remarks concerning the discussion now proceeding in your journal. It seems to me that the present struggling condition of the small provincial booksellers is a sure symptom of a widespread commercial development. One of the features of the business world during the past few years has been the amalgamation of many trades, both small and large, for mutual benefit. The small bookseller who still honours his trade has now, I think, only two courses left open—either extinction or amalgamation. Symptoms of the former are not wanting to-day, for we of the trade have to supplement our incomes more and more by the sale of stationery and fancy goods.

Could not a company of booksellers be formed, not only to sell books, but to produce them? With the help of the public (if needed) they could establish their own printing-offices, engage readers to select MSS., and on these lines deal direct with the authors and the public, without the intervention of the publishers, who, I believe, have said they cannot help us. Money would be saved in the production and in advertising, for the booksellers could be relied upon to push and display their own ventures. A Country Bookseller.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—The proposed change of discount off new books is a vitally important one to the bookselling trade in general, but especially so to the provincial bookseller, who, besides other drawbacks, has, in many instances, to bear the expense of hundreds of miles of carriage. The proof that it is a question of death or life to the bookseller was very cogently illustrated in an incidental way in the columns of a recent number of the *British Weekly*. "Claudius Clear," on holiday bent, spent part of a day in Aberdeen, and was impressed with its growing magnificence, the beauty of its suburbs, and the splendour of its public buildings, but, alas! only in one business did he see signs of declension, and that the most important of all—bookselling. "Going into Union Street," to quote his own significant words, "I was grieved by the sight of toys and baskets and such things in windows at which you could once stand comfortably in the rain for an hour without an umbrella gazing at the wealth of books." This contrast is, we think, worth yards of type on the discount question, either as to its probable effect or practicability. This deterioration of a business which used to be reckoned akin to a "profession" is lamentable, but will inevitably go on, till all over the country the lead of Messrs. Clery and Co., drapers, Dublin, will be followed, and bookselling become a mere department of the soft goods trade. Mr. Maclehose has in stern figures demonstrated that for the rank and file of booksellers there is no "living wage" under the ruinous twenty-five per cent. off published prices, and therefore the necessity of betaking themselves to the sale of toys, baskets, and soft goods. Expectation has now, however, been raised that publishers and authors will combine and rescue the booksellers from extinction. Amen. Aberdeen.

NEW BOOKS.

CHAUCERIAN AND OTHER PIECES.*

The seventh, supplementary, volume of Professor Skeat's "Chaucer" worthily completes a great work. It contains some twenty-eight pieces which have in one way or other acquired an association with his name. Only a few of these were actually ascribed to Chaucer by his earliest editor, Thynne, who, however, appended them, as of kindred character, to Chaucer's admitted works, and thus indirectly contributed to blunders which he did not share. Had Chaucer been in less vital touch with his time, had he stood unapproachably above it or aloof from it, a collection bound to him by so external a tie might have had little interest for the student of Chaucer as such. As it is, this volume presents a sort of microcosm of the English world which knew or remembered Chaucer—a conspectus of the extraordinarily various types of intellect and character to which he appealed or which he furnished with the literary instruments of an appeal to others. We are accustomed to speak of Chaucer's school; but the throng of those who learned from him differed even more from one another than from him; each phase that he outgrew, each artistic device or literary form that he abandoned, had its own studious and persistent devotees. Gower emulated the "Canterbury Tales" in verse which unseasonably continued the short-rhymed couplets of Chaucer's youth; Lydgate, in a rude travesty of the heroic couplet of his maturity; King James and a crowd of others perpetuated the seven-line stanza of the "Troilus and Cresseide." The author of the "Testament of Love" wrote with the prose of his Boethius open before him. The accomplished poetess of "The Flower and the Leaf" almost equalled him in gracious allegory; and Henryson's sequel to the "Troilus"—"The Testament of Cresseide"—carried the romantic tragedy of love into a region of terror and pity and vain remorse to which Chaucer's blithe spirit was as strange as it was to Dante's Hell, so gaily travestied in "The House of Fame." The brilliant device of the Canterbury pilgrims was seized upon by men otherwise less in sympathy with Chaucer than any of these, notably by the author of the "Plowman's Tales," who sketched his Plowman with the fierce incisiveness of Langland, and put in his mouth a political allegory which affects as little resemblance to Chaucer in matter as in manner. The first place in the series of the pieces here collected is taken by "The Testament of Love," which is probably the earliest in time, its author, Sir Thomas Usk, having been executed in 1388. Dr. Bradley's happy discovery of the authorship (*Athenæum*, Feb. 6th, 1897) from the anagrammatic prayer for "Thin(e) Usk" concealed in the initials of the successive chapters, came just in time to find a place in this volume. Nor could any place be more proper, for Professor Skeat was the first to detect the anagram, though baffled in its complete solution (like Newton) by defective data. The personality of Usk derives a new interest from the discovery that he was thus certainly the author of one of the most considerable monuments of 14th century English prose. Professor Skeat has hardly done justice to the fine qualities of Usk's prose, does indeed little in the way of criticism, beyond snarling at his frequent adoption of Boethian thoughts in Chaucer's rendering. Saturated with Boethius he evidently is, like Chaucer himself; but his prose is nothing inferior to Chaucer's own in rhythmic cadence; and it is free from the strange awkwardnesses in which the effort to be literal has often involved the translator Chaucer. Thus Professor Skeat's remark that he "takes from [Chaucer's Boethius] passage after passage, usually with many alterations, abbreviations, expansions, *and other disfigurements*," is by no means a sufficient account of the matter; for he is capable of making good what Chaucer had disfigured. Thus Chaucer, confronted with a sentence which concludes with the words "in obscuris tenebris," renders, according to the manner of the Fourth Form, "vertue, cler-shyninge naturelly is hid in derke derknesses." For this we have in Usk: "Lo! vertue, shynende naturelly, for povertee lurketh, and is hid under cloud"—surely a beautiful unfolding of the words. In other cases also, we are inclined to wish that the zeal of the Chaucer-editor had permitted Professor Skeat to deal less vindictively with these poor folks; to suggest less often that he is escorting a gang of captives yoked behind Chaucer's triumphal car. They are hardly allowed to have individuality of their own; if they borrow from Chaucer they commit plagiarism, if they diverge from him, they display their bad taste. Poems which any person or persons have wrongly attributed to Chaucer, though the heresy may have been extirpated a century ago, are made to suffer for the sins of our grandfathers. "The Flower and the Leaf," certainly one of the most beautiful and delightful poems of the 15th century, is "chiefly famous for having been versified by Dryden"; and its defects are exposed with gleeful malice, quite unnecessarily; for the "scientific" arguments from style and metre which detach it from Chaucer's work are entirely decisive, and have been held so for a generation by all qualified persons. Why then no indulgence for its charming

* "Chaucerian and Other Pieces." Edited by W. W. Skeat. Being a Supplement to the complete works of Geoffrey Chaucer. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

wealth of light, colour, and music? For such lines, Chaucerian and yet distinct from Chaucer, as the

"branches brode, laden with leves new,
That sprongen out ayein the sonnë shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene."

And even within the strictly "scientific" sphere, to be quite plain, Professor Skeat's bearing is at times less that of the scientific adjudicator upon evidence than of the impulsive and sanguine thinker in whose brain the evidence spontaneously shapes itself into a mould which nothing but his hypothesis will fit. This applies, we think, to his somewhat wilful identification of the authors of "The Flower and the Leaf" and "The Assembly of Ladies." A new and "cogent" metrical test, for instance, was suggested by Professor Hales (p. lxxv.), viz., the proportion of stanzas which do not end upon a period. In this point "The Flower and the Leaf" altogether diverges from the practice of Chaucer. "This," declares Professor Skeat, (triumphantly driving one more nail into the coffin), "disposes of the claim of 'The Flower and the Leaf' to be considered as Chaucer's." It turns out, however, that "The Assembly of Ladies" agrees with Chaucer in this point, and differs from "The Flower and the Leaf." The "cogent argument" is now easily disposed of by the remark that "in 'The Assembly of Ladies' this departure from Chaucer's usage has been *abandoned*."

Such things, however, are the defects of an ardent explorer, and easily forgiven when the explorer is also a great discoverer. In the perplexed domain of the 14th century, no living man's discoveries have been richer and more various than Professor Skeat's. The present monumental edition of Chaucer is at the same time a monument of the editor's immense and successful researches, now carried on incessantly for more than a generation. We trust that they are still far from their close.

C. H. Herford.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.*

A series of Lives of the Builders of Greater Britain, which will include such diversely characteristic worthies as Raleigh, Maitland, Raffles, Gibbon Wakefield, Rajah Brooke, and the Cabots, promises well. And it is launched by Mr. Martin Hume while the praise of his "Year after the Armada" is still upon our lips, and our attention complacently directed to an antiquarian who has so rare a gift of ferreting out the charming curios of history, and the still rarer gift of restoring, furbishing, and mounting them attractively and with good taste. Raleigh's life has been often written, and more than once well written, so that his last biographer cannot stray far from the path marked out by Oldys, Edwards, and Gardiner. He has, however, brought to bear much new matter from Gondomar's letters at Simancas and in the Palace Library at Madrid, by which he clears up the mystery as to Raleigh's fall. It would seem that spite or revenge for injuries received did not influence Spain, which acted solely from motives of high policy to secure a practical sanction of her exclusive jurisdiction over South America, and that before Raleigh sailed, James had bargained to sacrifice him in return for the delusive favour of the Spanish king. We may perhaps add that Raleigh was still personally a danger to Spain, as an experienced adventurer who on some revolution of politics might exchange his prison for the command of a formidable expedition, and so he was best out of the way. As for James, his crime was as diabolical as it was stupid.

We need not say more of the life than that it is carefully, temperately, and artistically told. Mr. Hume does not glorify his hero. His closing remarks are remarkably just and weighty. He points out that we who judge by his writings, place Raleigh higher than those who witnessed his life, which was a series of failures, and rightly observes that, like Elizabeth and some others of her time who thought and planned and spoke so greatly and acted so poorly, he failed because his vast and versatile intellectual gifts were discounted by the moral nature of the savage—and that too by no means the noble savage. Alas, the more the historical researchers and restorers scrape these Great Elizabethans, the blacker they look. England was ruled by a gang of thieves, sons of the old church-robbers, and the Queen was captain of the band. She and all of them lived by plunder without shame or remorse. It was the note of the age. From splendid piracy and gallant buccaneering, through every grade of murderous robbery, embezzlement and false pretences down to petty theft, dishonesty was rampant. But though the Elizabethans were desperate rogues, they were great men, and Raleigh about the greatest.

Y. Y.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.*

A critic of great discernment has recently mourned over the decay of serious literature. We are all too steadily bent on the writing and the reading of fiction, most of it bad, most of it certainly ephemeral. Scientific philosophy, for example, has been neglected since Huxley and Tyndall died. "The class of writers which they represented, the pioneer in physical discovery, who is also a splendid popular exponent, combining accurate research with the exercise of imagination and style, has ceased to exist in England. Mr. Wells might have risen in it to the highest consideration, but he prefers to tell horrible little stories about monsters. On all sides we may see, and we ought not to see without acute alarm, the finer talents being drawn from the arduous exercises to which nature intended to devote them, to the facile fields of fiction."† One hardly knows which most to admire—the alliteration of this last line or the splendid assumption that some of our prosperous latter-day novelists, whose chief glory is their rate per thousand words, have the making in them of Huxleys and Tyndalls. There is little reason to suppose, for example, that Mr. Wells, had he made science his life-work, would have come off better than any one of a dozen smart young men turned out by the Science and Art Department annually. We probably lost a quite indifferent man of science to gain the really able author of "The Time Machine" and "The Invisible Man." So far from being an accident of misdirected talent, Mr. Wells is an imperative product of his age. Phantasy has always been with us, and has conceived of people preternaturally masters of time and space. Dreamers have carried us back to the Ichthyosaurus and forward to the Golden Age. The cap which makes for the invisible is familiar enough in fairy tales. But Mr. Wells has not obtained a smattering of science for naught. It was Huxley and Tyndall who made him possible, although both would have loathed his conclusions; and he gives us a fairy tale with a plausible scientific justification. The imagination is everything, the science is nothing; but the end of the century, which shares Mr. Wells's smattering of South Kensington, prefers the two together; and I sympathise with the end of the century. "The Time Machine" and "The Invisible Man"—Mr. Wells's first and last books—make capital reading, and one is the complement to the other. "The Time Machine" pictured the effects of physical experiments which should be able to transport one into other ages, separated by æons, it may be, from our own. We have heard of these future ages before. Two at least of our great Victorian poets have dreamt of them. Tennyson believed, at one time at least, that it meant the widening of the thoughts of men and "the federation of the world." Morris conceived of a social life fragrant with the love of man for man. This optimism has left us. Mr. Wells's future is a world in which men have harked back to cannibalism and intellectual life is dead. Similar pessimism follows Mr. Wells into his new book. Scientific experiment never makes the world any better or happier. Mr. Wells's "Invisible Man"—Griffin is his name—has succeeded in rendering his body invisible, although it retains its corporeal character. Yet what misery this "triumph of science" entails on its discoverer will be learned by many an eager reader. Griffin had thought to lord it over all his race. To have "a good time" was the motive of his experiments, but one misfortune follows upon another until the wretched man hates his fellows and becomes findish in his attempts to war with them. Scientific research is indeed vanity if we are to accept Mr. Wells as a guide. That is only one interpretation of his book. The important thing to note is that the author has conceived of his creation with a splendid mastery of detail. Point after point helps to fix Griffin in his wanderings vividly upon the imagination, and at every turn we learn most realistically how disastrous his new power must be to him. Only children, for example, to whom life offers no mysteries, would have followed the footprints of the hunted man. But to write all this is perhaps to treat the matter too seriously. The story, which is bound to be popular, has not a suspicion of preaching about it, and in a quite unpretentious way will help to pass an amusing hour or so. I have not been so fascinated by a new book for many a day.

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* "Sir Walter Raleigh." By Martin A. S. Hume. Builders of Greater Britain Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Invisible Man." By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

† "Ten Years of English Literature," by Edmund Gosse (*North American Review*).

Clement Shorter.

BARDS OF THE GAEL AND GALL.[*]

It must be ascribed to perversity of race that Englishmen, who are not insensible to the charms of continental literature, should have ignored for centuries and, with a few exceptions, should still ignore a brilliant literature, the age-long heritage of a singularly sensitive and gifted people, which may be said to lie at their very doors. In spite of the poverty, oppression and enforced ignorance of centuries, there exist Irish MSS. enough—among them who knows what enthralling sagas, what glamorous lyrics?—to fill twelve or fourteen hundred octavo volumes of letterpress. By a curious irony of history it is in this old, little known, and, to most of us, illegible literature, rather than in the classics of Greece and Rome, that we must seek the fountains of what is most beautiful and bewitching in our poetic modes and metres. If we mistake not it was in the *Contemporary Review* that, a year or two ago, Dr. Sigerson first maintained the somewhat startling thesis that the principal languages of mediæval Europe had been radically influenced in the matter of poetic form by the singers of Ancient Ireland, and that our own indebtedness for rhyme and for much that is most noticeable in the structure of our verse is undeniable. In the present volume he develops this theme with easy and affluent scholarship, and in a most attractive and convincing manner. One of the perplexing points in what may be termed the study of the technical history of poetry has always been the date and the power which converted the rhymeless and quantitative line of Virgil and Horace into the elaborately rhymed and alliterative verse of the Middle Ages. After reading Dr. Sigerson's "Introduction" one can have no doubt that the change must be attributed to the Irish monks and missionaries, who in their turn derived from the lyrists and sagamen of a pre-Christian literature. Of the intricacy and subtle sweetness of the old Irish method of versifying it is probably impossible to give a really adequate illustration in English. In many details our ear is not theirs; for instance the *co-arda*, or unaccented rhyme, "men," "often"; "quick," "lyric," is a distinctly acquired taste. But so far as it is possible to convey the elusive charm of feeling and form into another language, Dr. Sigerson has in these pages succeeded in a manner which cannot be over-rated. Apart from mere technique, the book is a delightful collection of old-world poems, which cannot fail to stimulate a sympathetic curiosity, and a hope that we shall gradually have placed within our reach the whole of what is left of a great and beautiful literature. The Celtic magic has long been recognised as one of the most exquisite elements in our poets; here is a well of Celtic magic, the English version of which, though it must fall short of the Irish, is delightful to hear, and once heard cannot be forgotten.

GREECE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.[†]

This volume includes "as much as seemed to be worth repeating" of a previous work, published in 1878, entitled "New Greece," and is described by the author as "neither a history altogether nor entirely a plea." It is, in fact, an account of Greece and of its relations with the great European Powers since 1821, and the writer considers that this account furnishes a sufficient "plea" why they, and especially England, are bound to afford her effective support in her efforts to secure full national development. "She is established by Europe as a nation and nucleus of Hellenism, guaranteed to exist, encouraged to grow, inspired by pledge and promise to hold up the standard of complete national re-union;" and "the best guarantee for the future peace and stability of South-eastern Europe is to be found . . . in adding to the existing kingdom of Greece, as occasion may arise, every province, every city, every coast and island to which the Hellenic race can establish so much as the semblance of an historical title." On the other hand the Powers have, it is true, made her a state, "but a state in fetters, and saddled by conditions under which no race of men, however naturally capable of self-government, could be expected to prosper;" while time after time, notably during the Russo-Turkish war, they have intervened to prevent her from using legitimate opportunities of extending her boundaries. They have each their own schemes to further, and the premature collapse of Turkey might disturb them, so that Greece must consequently remain quiet, or, as Mr. Sergeant pointedly puts it, "Whilst our milk is forming its cream we can allow no dancing in the dairy."

Such a work necessarily raises many political questions which are keenly controverted, but, speaking generally and putting debatable subjects aside, the book, which is admirably written, does certainly strengthen that sympathy which every generous mind must naturally feel for Greece. By doing so it helps to effect its end, for the general feeling with which a nation is regarded forms a factor in politics which even military despots can no longer neglect. That the Turkish standard should again be planted on the Acropolis would now seem to all civilised nations an outrage on humanity, and it is in the steady growth of this sentiment, rather than in the dubious support of politicians, that Greece will ultimately find her surest safeguard. There are those who, unlike Mr. Sergeant, think that she has not shewn the financial honesty, the political prudence, or the military capacity without which no nation can become powerful; there are those, on the other hand, who will accept his plea that, under the hard conditions imposed upon her, she has done much, and more than could have been expected; but there is no one who, after reading his final chapter on the progress of "Literature and Education in Greece," will resist his conclusion that the heritage of Hellas can never permanently pass into the hands of Turk, or Slav, or Russian. Whether the Hellenic spirit can again, after twenty-two centuries, really be renewed in modern Greece, time alone can show, but the evidence here brought forward proves convincingly that the old ideal is still a quickening power. After age-long slumber the intellectual activity of Hellas is again waking into life. The common gratitude of mankind will ensure this new birth a full and fair field for development.

T. E. Page.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS.[*]

Mr. Lang says his mind is in a "balance of doubt" about ghosts, properly so-called; but in spite of his coy avoidance of theories, he triumphantly presents us with well-authenticated stories that none of the scientists can yet explain. He is alternately working side by side with the scientists in demolishing haunted men and houses, and laughing at their limited ideas on the subject of evidence, and giving them posers. He gives them some excellent posers—the Ghost that Bit, for instance—but the first purpose of his book forbids that all his stories should be good, regarded merely as stories. Though far more entertaining than their stock writers, he is doing the work of the S.P.R., and cannot despise any evidence. He must not omit the dull; let us thank him for selecting it. Of course he takes away with one hand what he gives with the other. For it should be clearly understood that human imagination gains less from this ghost propaganda than does science, which will have its borders widened thereby. This is the moment for the pioneer in science to glow, not the romantic person.

To some brain specialists, no doubt an idiot is the most interesting of human creatures; and a serious investigator of ghosts can study with enthusiasm happenings so purposeless and inane that nothing but an abnormally developed scientific conscience can keep us from yawning over them. Even in Mr. Lang's entertaining book there is ample evidence that the majority of uncooked ghost stories are the experiences of inferior human beings, and that the *revenants*, too, are mostly poor-souled things, with such over-anxiety about trifles and details as only the greatest bores of our daily life can rival. The most tiresome ghosts of all are the noisy ones. To ignore them would be proper treatment did they not shy brickbats. We cannot in reason grudge the space devoted by Mr. Lang to their idiotic kind, seeing that as we go to press they are throwing lumps of coal at lieges in the East-End, and the police cannot lay them. (By the way, ghosts, we learn, have, in their time, been ejected by legal proceedings, the spirits obeying the court without a murmur—see "The Marvels at Fróda").

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[*] "Bards of the Gael and Gall. Examples of the poetic literature of Erinn, done into English after the metres and modes of the Gael." By George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

[†] "Greece in the Nineteenth Century." A Record of Hellenic Emancipation and Progress, 1821-1897. By Lewis Sergeant. 10s. 6d. (London; T. Fisher Unwin. 1897. Pp. 400.)

[*] "The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

Contempt may be an irrational attitude towards such imbecile imps, but we can only walk hastily away from the sphere of their action, with the remark of the Bishop of St. Asaph on our lips, that "such means were unworthy of the Deity to employ."

The difference between the fine ghost stories of the past and nearly all those authenticated to-day is enormous. Mr. Lang thinks it plain that certain modern Icelandic cases he relates "might easily be swollen into the prodigious tale of Glam in the course of two or three centuries." These modern happenings are dull. The tale of Glam, Mr. Lang calls, without too much exaggeration, "the best story in the world." The inference from it all is that the study of the human imagination is magnificently enticing, and that the study of the majority of ghostly visitations only a scientific conscience can drive us to. The ghost in the brain is more convincing of strange powers than any churchyard haunter. In a little while we shall all perforce believe in ghosts, placidly, as we do now in germs, and leave their investigation also to the Institutes. At the head of one of these should be placed the lady who figures here under the name of Rose Morton. She fastened strings from the stair-railings to the walls with glue to check her ghosts, and tried to pounce on them. But they passed through her springs and dodged her pounces. Mr. Lang defends himself from attack, and possibly from correspondence, by describing her as "a lady of nineteen, studying medicine (and wearing spectacles)."

THE MARTIAN.*

You can't take a man of astounding genius for the hero of a novel, at least if his genius be manifested in the regions of thought or imagination. That is a truism. But, no doubt, it is tempting to a novelist to have a really big hero. Mr. Du Maurier couldn't resist it; and he complicated the situation by indulging his own natural talent and taste for the presentation of a very pleasant human being. He could describe childhood, of the aristocratic type, with real sympathy. The gay, practical-joking, good-hearted youth, who is also a gentleman, was well within his power. And even the grown man, courteous, graceful, charming, he could make pleasantly real. In this story he conceived one, Barty Josselin, as the impersonation of everything beautiful, and aristocratic, and high-spirited, and gay. He follows him lovingly from the cradle to the grave. But when he has exhausted his possibilities as school-boy, guardsman, and art-student, he must needs try to convince us that he grew into one of the great literary forces of the century, writer of books that "have had as wide and far-reaching an influence on modern thought as the 'Origin of Species.'" As schoolboy he was winning and bright and blithely impudent; as guardsman he was conventionally rowdy, though he read poetry occasionally of an evening; as art-student he was nondescript, couldn't compete with Little Billee and Cie.—though a comparison with Mr Moscheles's "With Du Maurier in Bohemia" shows how much is autobiographical in this part. There is not a word, not a faint suggestion of the struggle, the rebellion, the blazing or the smouldering fires, the mystery out of which comes genius—only clear proof of talent for the variety stage or for amusing the suburban drawing-room, by monkey tricks and genial manners. He was much too beautiful and gracious and domestic to greatly influence his kind. Now Mr. Du Maurier in declaring—it must be said, rather after Miss Corelli's fashion—that this curled darling of the hearth was the light of the nations, did not need his critics to tell him he was wrong. He knew it; and it was to make the impossibility conceivable, as well as to indulge his taste for the strange and supernatural, that he invented the Martian—that queer female exile from a wonderful planet who, after running about from one earthly body to another, chose Barty's to lodge in. *She* gave him his inspiration; *she* conceived the great books that made him a towering personality to men like Renan and Taine. Here Mr. Du Maurier is struggling after a real truth—that the conceptions of genius seem like the visitation of some foreign power. But these visits are paid to minds and imaginations trained, prepared—or they are useless, not to delightfully thoughtless, pleasantly conventional young men. "I will write out for you a list of books. . . . Those marked with a cross you must read constantly and carefully at home, the others you must read at the British Museum. Get a reading ticket at once." The Martian thought it necessary to tell him that! But it is unfair to quote the bathos from a book which, if it be quite impossible as fact and unsatisfying as imagination, is worth many that are cleverer. A string of loose memories, it has little value as a story, but as a reflection of a graceful, gracious, charitable nature, that longed for widespread happiness as the best way of making people good, it is distinguished and, in its amiable way, beyond imitation. We may not believe in Barty's developments; but we like him as he really was—which is more than we can say of the singularly handsome wife he married—the literal Leah who turned the "fair and gracious" of his verse into "pretty", and wrote of her first born, "Jan. 1.—Roberta was born and the coals came in." We don't like her, but she is both possible and amusing. As a picture-book, "The Martian" is a very pleasant possession.

CLARENCE MANGAN.*

Industry is not all the help to success the copy-books would have us believe. Mangan was a most industrious writer, as poets go, and his other name was Misfortune. Nor could scorn of the world's interests account for his miseries. True, his real life was all outside the world, but he made believe otherwise, deceiving even himself; he wrote for its politics and its patriotisms, if very badly, at least with good will and in good faith; superficially he was so impressionable that he became its "funny man" sometimes. There was no critical audience to write for, and so he wrote much lamentable stuff; though never was man born into the world with more of the genuine poetic temperament, and "My Dark Rosaleen" is the work of a great artist, however many his æsthetic sins. Mrs. Guiney has tried to make the selections in a very fair spirit, giving little of his worst, but too much of his middling stuff, I think. He is one of the few poets that should be edited and "cut" mercilessly. Like all whose minds do not beat in time with the impulses of the world, and yet who by fits and starts try to chime in with them, he blundered egregiously as to what the world might think a good tune. This should have been a thinner volume, to represent the native parts of Mangan.

To English readers his name sounds remote, faintly connected with a dissipated career—a very Irish unfortunate. Perhaps they may have read in some anthology the wild, passionate song—

"Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

But to wrest a portion from it is as cruel as to tear the petals from a perfect flower. If this song be known, common knowledge even among poetry-loving folks stops there. Yet there are haunting rhythms to be learnt from Mangan, beautiful, and to us, at least, strangely new and precious images; and the poetry of pain has a terribly genuine exponent in him. An exile himself, he knew the life of all the banished.

"In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft,
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part!
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The north blast, that heweth by
With sharp scimitar."

I should like to give the longing vision of his fair country in the reign of Cahal Thor of the Wine-Red Hand, but limits of space forbid.

The editor has written an interesting, if somewhat rollickingly sympathetic study of Mangan. The style is a little noisy for the subject, but as criticism and biography the study is the best that has appeared. His is a miserable story. He was a pure-hearted, exquisite-minded man—look at the frontispiece, Mrs. Shorter's drawing of his head—yet quite unfit to live decently in the world. Mangan may now and again in his verse have spoken of betrayal; but he never really blamed anyone but himself. His attitude was the right one. He was a lovable shadow, and when he emerged from his hiding-places he was evidently loved. It is useless to blame the world, except for the form of some of its benevolences—as, for instance, when it gave him catalogues to copy in Trinity College Library. As if you do not ruin a man's self-respect more irretrievably by paying him for work which, if continuous, all the forces of his nature will fight against his doing honestly, than by maintaining him outright.

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* "The Martian." By George Du Maurier. With illustrations by the Author. 6s. (Harper.)

* "James Clarence Mangan. His Selected Poems, with a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney." 5s. (Lane.)

A. M.

NOVEL NOTES.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW. By Henry James. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"I cannot say that I have ever received from him any supreme enlightenment as to the workings of that complex organ, the human heart, but I understand quite definitely that Mr. James knows all about it, and could show many things if he were only interested enough to make an effort. He is the apostle of a well-bred boredom." This is the most superficial judgment in all Mr. Christie Murray's recent criticism of his contemporaries. It would be easy to refute it out of Mr. James's past. But it is a busy age, and Mr. Murray's only chance of reparation is now and in the future. Let him take it by reading "What Maisie Knew." It is all about the human heart, especially about a very human little heart indeed, and it is full to overflowing of eager, tender interest in it. Whoever can look back to a sensitive childhood that was shadowed by strange grown-up troubles, however much more respectable these may have been than were those out of which Maisie's knowledge grew, will corroborate every step in the wonderful dramatic analysis of this marvellous book. The child is tugged at, hugged, and made use of, by each of a group of selfish, disreputable relatives and connections. There is no chance of ignorance of sin, and a regular world of order and good example is unknown to her. Sin is not sin to her, but it has no attractions; it is only an uncomfortable accident of other people which she cannot evade. Her growth into a quick-thinking, keen-guessing, fearfully precocious, most loyal little mortal, loyal to the good-hearted ones and the bad—for she has early learned the complexity of duty—is a sight pitiable and beautiful. Daudet would have made the story lachrymose without making it more terrible. Mr. James keeps his sense of fun, for he knows his little heroine, intelligent, uncorrupted, valiant, eager for life, will come through with an unbroken and a gentle spirit.

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Mr. Jacobs' humour is so much his own that, though he is a new-comer, we already recognise it with a distinctness that proves it to be, of its kind at least, first-rate. Its kind is good, too—very genial, very laughter-provoking, very unaffected, in temper American rather than English. The slight mixture of sentiment here gives the foil which was wanting in "Many Cargoes," and a hint of a promise that Mr. Jacobs may one day write a good novel, though we are far from suggesting that we are tired of his excellent fooling. The crew of the *Seamew* are the most delightful of companions, and the king of them all is that hopeful boy Henry. Henry must not be lost sight of. He should still serve both Mr. Jacobs and us on many future occasions. And something is owing to him, a day of triumph to wipe out certain indignities, notably that of his being used as a dumb-bell by the pretty young gymnasium mistress. A story of quite another stamp is thrown in at the end, "The Brown Man's Servant," quite successful as a horror.

A CHILD IN THE TEMPLE. By Frank Mathew. 3s. 6d. (Lane).

This was meant to be an exquisite little story. A good deal of it is exquisite as it stands. Mr. Mathew has a wayward imagination, a still more wayward sense of humour, and they served him well in that far too little appreciated book, "The Wood of the Brambles." In this much slighter thing they have led him less happily. The child in the temple should have stopped there, or should have gone home in poverty to Ireland. He should have grown wise in the society of his dog, and with the tangled affairs of Kitty and Kilmorna and the others to unravel, for of course they would have come to him. But he should not have, even once, gone out into the world and used that revolver; he did not; the little braggart was lying to Mr. Mathew. He would have grown old and wise, grown into a kind of Charles Lamb, we imagine. He would certainly never have grown up. But that rowdy day at the end, with the anarchists, and the runaway peer and the repentant magdalen and the penitent nobleman, at the convent gate, and the "child" mixed up in it all, is a nightmare. And to dismiss the wise "child," at the end with an estate and a decent income is to treat him most undeservedly as a Philistine.

OLD TIMES IN MIDDLE GEORGIA. By R. M. Johnston. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Among the dozen or more stories that make up this book five or six are unusually clever sketches of village life and character, unforced, yet very effective, altogether genuine in their humour and their pathos. They are not unlike Miss Wilkins's tales, with some superficial differences. They have a warmer, more sympathetic atmosphere for one thing; but, also, they are wanting in her special talent for producing clean lined, decisive pictures. Mr. Johnston's earlier work is not well known here, but he must in time win a public among us for his pleasant qualities.

THE GADFLY. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

One cannot read this book through without great admiration for its talent and its uncommon vigour. It may be doing if a good turn with some readers to say that the preliminary chapters give no adequate idea of the writer's powers. A story of the times and struggles of Young Italy, the incidents are stirring and picturesque enough, but the real interest centres in the "Gadfly," a notorious conspirator and scathing pamphleteer, and still more in his embodiment of the claims of humanity as against the claims made by the Church for a crucified God. It is a hysterical book, but we own it is so chiefly because the "Gadfly" is hysterical by the writer's intention. He is one of those who gain a tremendous influence over their fellows for this strong reason among others, that their point of view is personal, that the circumstances and the friends of their own private life rule their attitude of love or defiance to the general world. Such men and women—the women are many, of course—are vivider than others, and impress their contemporaries, though they are often unjust and unreasonable. The writer seems to be haunted by a sense of the punishment for sin and weakness allotted to mortals. The "Gadfly," for the over-trust, the over-sensitiveness of his youth, is tortured ever after, wounded, maimed, betrayed, forced to fight against the being he loves best on earth—his father the great Churchman. His father, for an early sin, expiated by a long life of repentance, self-denial and benevolence, has virtually to condemn his own son to death in the end, just at the moment when he has come back from the dead to him. There is too much torture, mental and physical, in the book, and all the scenes do not convince us. We believe the Cardinal died of a broken heart, but he who upheld the dignity of the Church so long, who chose its interests and the true safety of his flock before the life of his beloved son, did not break out into that hysterical raving on Corpus Christi day. What is altogether real and admirable is the personality of the bitter, biting, mocking, suffering "Gadfly," untameable, unrelenting, and always "game"—a living man that will force the most unwilling reader's sympathy, as he won that of the men and women he worked with so discomfortably and with such splendid loyalty.

THE QUEEN OF JESTERS, and her Strange Adventures in Old Paris. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

We have a favourite heroine to day. Examine all the best adventure-stories and you find the type more or less well portrayed. She is witty, or at least saucy; she is hoyden, daredevil, and always gracefully feminine. Mr. Max Pemberton knows how to draw popularity to her irresistibly. Perhaps the real Corinne de Montesson, patron of rogues, acquainted with the worst dens of Paris for curiosity's or philanthropy's sake, may have been less agreeable. But we do not quarrel because, for all her jesting and practical joking, she is delightfully gay and pretty. Corinne makes a capital centre round which to weave stories, knowing, as she did, all the rogues and their haunts, enjoying, and very honestly too the King's favour. Adventurous, quickbrained, romantic, with the help of an old wizard, Antonio, she tests rascals, punishes meanness, releases prisoners by stratagem, outwits her guardian and the lieutenant of police and notorious highwaymen, and rescues her lover; has a very good time, in fact, and adds much to the gaiety of a court and a city. It is an excellent series of stories, but the best of all is "A Prison of Swords." Mr. Pemberton has never written, we think, with more workmanlike and effective brevity.

LIZA OF LAMBETH. By W. S. Maughan. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Vivisection has its advocates, its objectors, and a class between that cannot object, but would fain limit physical suffering so that an experiment once made should be carefully recorded and never repeated—a quite impossible attitude, but one which has many sympathisers. There are readers likewise that cannot deny to M. Zola and Mr. Arthur Morrison the right to say what they say in "Germinal" and "A Child of the Jago," because whether they speak the whole truth or not, they do speak truth, which is more respectable than telling sentimental lies. But a truth that rouses and shames when we hear it first, may, when repeated too often, pall, to our detriment. The truth about our slums is a horrid truth, but we do not know it all, and some of the unknown must modify it, no doubt. We are willing to bear the horror, so that our consciences may be roused, our sense of pity awakened; nay, even only to know humanity in some more of its possibilities. But the effect goes when horror is given us as daily food. When a master has once made a black truth real to us, if only the thing would stop there! But the smaller men harp on it again and again *ad nauseam*. Mr. Maughan is not such a very small man, either. He is very clever, and even if he used less bad language his pictures would still be effective. But he has nothing new to tell. This has been recorded before, and it pains and depresses us rather uselessly. Liza is a pleasant-tempered girl, who seems predestined to sordid trouble. It is all very hopeless, and unrelieved by any sense of strong feeling working in the writer. If we wrong him, we can only say he fails to produce that effect. And yet he is clever, and should be heard of again—in other scenes, let us hope.

THE CHARMER. By Shan F. Bullock. (Bowden.)

Before giving our opinion about this story we should prefer to say deservedly pleasant things about Mr. Bullock's former work. "The Awkward Squad" and "By Thrasna River" contain excellent writing. They are the books of a man of talent and of heart. Perhaps we are wrong in calling them, in relation to this story, his "former work." Indeed, we suspect this is very early stuff indeed. The plot is made out of the poor jest of a young husband and wife masquerading as brother and sister in an obscure Irish watering-place, thereby cruelly tempting the male youth of the place to false hopes. There is a great deal of uninfectious, nay, depressing laughter about this "comedy," as it is called, a comedy over which we have grown almost lachrymose. And there is a good deal of sodden sentiment. Mr. Bullock need not have written it.

THREE PARTNERS. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Critics must repeat themselves in giving welcome to each new book of Bret Harte's. There is so little variation, and there is no falling off. "Three Partners" is as good a bit of work as the one before last and the one before that, as full of vigour and with as strong an appeal to common human feelings. Amid the wild, sordid life of miners and financiers connected with mining, the loyal *camaraderie* of the three partners stands out fair and bright. Envy, greed, and hate keep the story moving on at an exciting pace, but the decent people have pluck and are excellent shots, and a fair amount of human happiness settles down on them before the end.

THE CAPTIVE OF PEKIN; or A Swallow's Wing. By Charles Hannan. Illustrated. 6s. (Jarrold.)

This is a capital story if you can read it without being revolted by the torture of which it tells. Probably the least impressionable reader will do a little judicious skipping for the sake of his nerves, and that, with the confidence which he is sure to have of the ultimate safety of the prisoner, should permit a certain amount of enjoyment and a great deal of interest. The search for an unknown man, captive in an unknown place, in Pekin, for unknown reasons, is most thrilling, the circumstances of the rescue most chivalrous and romantic, and Chin-Chin-Wa, the Anglo-Chinese rescuer, is quite the imposing figure Mr. Hannan meant him to be.

THE "PARADISE" COAL-BOAT. By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Bowden.)

Mr. Hyne does not worry over-much about having a very good story to tell before he sits down to amuse. He knows the world, especially on its more unconventional roads; and from episodes that are thin enough, regarded merely as stories, he makes vigorous and interesting pictures of life and character. Unlike most of the books of the day that tell of the rougher, wilder sides of existence, these tales are neither slangy nor slipshod. Native vigour has not seemed to him enough to cancel the obligations of writing well. "The Ransom," "The Defier," "For a Woman of the South" are all excellent in their way; but the sketch of adventure in Spanish lands, "Journeymen Smugglers," seems to us the best of all.

PRETTY MICHAL. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. 6s. (Jarrold.)

This is a truly barbaric story—barbaric in its vigour as in its sanguinariness. Mr. Bain thinks objectors to it may be found among the readers of the anæmic fiction of to-day, but it is not necessary to be anæmic to shrink somewhat from this grim story. Yet in spite of occasional repulsion we have found it the most irresistible of Jókai's books known to us through translations. Audacious, fantastic, incalculable, altogether alien to our sense of romance, this tale of old Hungary compels our admiration. From the time the young husband, the pastor of Nagy Leta, is forced to turn headsman the story moves on in a merry dance of wizardry and death. In the old archives of Kassa the writer found traces of real things, strangely poetical and terrible, and he has made them live again in this wild drama.

THE SECRETAR. By W. Beatty. 6s. (Gardner.)

Patience is needed for grappling with this story of the "Casket Letters," but it is also not without its reward. As a novel "The Secretar" is a poor thing, and a tedious one. The scanty narrative of John Kilgour's love affairs serves no end at all. But as a conscientious account of the tangled web of Scottish politics in Mary's time, the book has distinct merits, and even the portrait of that "sliddery" man, the "Secretar," Maitland of Lethington, has been drawn with considerable success.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JOURNEYS THROUGH FRANCE. By H. Taine. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Taine's "Carnets de Voyage" surpass all but the best of their kind—an unsatisfactory kind; for there is not one person in a thousand that cares to hear what another said and felt at dawn on the shores of Madagascar or by night on the Adriatic; and there is not one person in ten thousand who can express his feelings, if he happened to have any, and his vision, in such a way as to make it a reproach to all the indifferent rest not to listen. The Impression de Voyage habit is a modern method of boring, rather surprising in a business-like age. But Taine had eyes and a delightful style. These little descriptive accounts of what remained in his memory of the various provincial towns which he visited as examiner for admission to the Military School of Saint Cyr, have a double force, that of the man who could read social life like a book, and that of the artist who had seen too much to pose, and seen enough not to rave indiscriminately. Charming to read for their unaffectedness, their grace, their brevity, they are also true. Test them by the bit of France you know best, be it Nancy, or Marseilles, or Carnac, they are incomplete, but you will know he has been there. There are a few telling phrases, such as "The Middle Age was an attic of the Muses," but in general no strain after effect. And there are a few scraps of personal opinion, and personal melancholy, and personal prejudices that are more interesting than the subject of his papers. As this—"I find myself coming back again and again to the idea that France is a democracy of peasants and working-men, under a motherly administration, with a restricted town population which lives cheaply and grows rusty, and with needy officials who are on the look-out for promotion, and never take root." But yet he likes the Latins best. In pleasure, the others are "mere brutes or merely virtuous."

ENGLISH EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS. Selected by Aubrey Stewart. (Chapman.)

This is a pleasant collection, in which mostly all the old things are good, and nearly all the new ones are worth inclusion. It is a book to dip into many times with delight, and it gives us, too, a rather good conceit of our national talent for smart brevities. But "Gather ye rosebuds" is not an epigram; and this on the Lake Poets,

> "They live by the Lakes, an appropriate quarter
> For poems diluted with plenty of water,"

is not witty but only rude. There are too many dull things by Prior, who has quite an undeserved reputation. But enough of fault-finding with an amusing book—though, to be sure, the main pleasure to be got out of an anthology is not the placid reading but the active weeding of it.

SHAKESPEARE THE BOY. By W. J. Rolfe. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

This is no fancy sketch of what the dramatist might have been in his youth—a vain effort—but a book of information respecting the manners, customs, folk-lore, games, home and school-life of Elizabethan days—a very different and a very useful thing. Not that boys and girls will care for it very much, we think. They read Shakespeare because Macbeth, and Othello, and Hotspur are real to them. About the dramatist they don't trouble their heads. Mr. Rolfe looks a little for their elders' encouragement, and he ought to get it, for he has gathered from the best authorities, and given his information both pleasantly and with system.

ENGLAND AND INDIA. A Record of Progress During a Hundred Years. By Romesh C. Dutt. (Chatto.)

This is a timely book and a wise one. Perhaps there are many phases of Indian opinion it omits to represent, but it certainly represents the one that it is most profitable for us to satisfy. Mr. Dutt speaks for the educated Indians that prefer our rule to any other possible condition of things, and are yet our candid critics on certain matters of administration. He thinks that reform in India has followed the path of reform in England, and for that reason he relates the history of successive English governments. His theory is only right in a very general way, and for so small a book we are given a little too much of our own affairs. There is no other fault to be found with his work, which is first a generous and intelligent recognition of what Munro, Elphinstone, Bentinck, Canning and some of their successors have done for India, and then a friendly statement of where British administration is at fault. There are four principal suggestions for reform: (1) a fixed limit should be made to the State-demand from the produce of the soil; (2) the expenditure of the Indian Government should be reduced, and England should help to pay for the army; (3) the powers and duties of district officers—who now act frequently as police, prosecutor, and judge, should be revised; (4) some extension of the powers and responsibilities of natives of tried ability should be made, in fulfilment of numerous pledges.

IN NORTHERN SPAIN. By Hans Gadow. Illustrated. 21s. (Black.)

IDYLLS OF SPAIN. By Rowland Thirlmere. 4s. 6d. (Mathews.)

The two books are equally able to entice you away from "England, Home, and Duty." As a guide-book Mr. Gadow's is more thorough and more serious; we are hurling no reproach at it for that, for we have read it with close and friendly interest in the movements and adventures of the two travellers, travellers born, who got so much out of their touring and tramping and camping, and who have served up none of the flat portions of their experience to us. It is a mine of information on the history, the customs, and the physical conditions of the country; and we hope the publishers will see their way to re-issuing it in a cheaper, smaller form. Mr. Thirlmere calls the chapters of his book Idylls, whatever that may mean. He is less intent on giving useful information, and more intent on writing prettily. Indeed, he does give a very lively and entertaining account of his wanderings in the highways and byeways, and even of his lengthiest descriptions of wonders and beauties we have not tired. The two books between them have roused many a pang of Reiselust.

CRITICISMS, REFLECTIONS, AND MAXIMS OF GOETHE. Translated by W. B. Rönnfeldt. Scott Library. 1s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

In making a little more of the wisdom of Goethe known to English readers Mr. Rönnfeldt is doing excellent work. He is fitted for it, his translation being everywhere intelligent, though we have found rather an absence of pith in his version of some of the maxims. His selection is far from hackneyed, including several too little known judgments on æsthetic subjects, as well as some of the admirable criticisms and interpretations of Shakespeare and Byron. Yet we think the best of the little volume is the selection of Goethe's maxims. We remember that something of the kind has been well done by Mr. Bailey Saunders, but Mr. Rönnfeldt's work is not superfluous. The maxims are of all qualities, some quite worthless, it is no blasphemy to say, and some so pregnant in thought, so magnificent in the breadth and sanity of their human outlook, that they bring us back with fresh enthusiasm to this great master of wisdom, for whose best conceptions even sixty years after his death our century is not yet ripe. But he does not deal only in grand universal truths. He speaks low to the individual heart, too, as when he says, "Against the superiority of another there is no remedy but love."

LYRICS. By John B. Tabb. 4s. 6d. (Lane.)

Father Tabb is one of the sweetest-voiced of all the American singers. His is not a strong voice, and when it has spoken, it has rarely said anything very new or enlightening. But it is the breath of an exquisite heart and soul; and in our day, at least, there are few artists in verse who are as simply and genuinely religious men. His book is eminently companionable. We give one sample that has lingered in our memory. It is called "Mignonette," and this is the whole of it:—

> "Give me the earth, and I might heap
> A mountain from the plain;
> Give me the waters of the deep,
> I might their strength restrain;
> But here a secret of the sod
> Betrays the daintier hand of God."

OLD TALES FROM GREECE. By Alice Zimmern. The Children's Study. 2s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Miss Zimmern has had some distinguished predecessors in this field; and we do not think that as a story-book for out-of-school reading hers will ever rival Kingsley's charming "Heroes." But it has a different object, and in a practical way it will be of more use. It takes in a great deal more—in fact, it includes all the old heroic tales of Greece that are likely to strike children's imaginations, and that they are likely to meet with, more or less vaguely disguised, in English poetry. English children, unless they are taught Greek and Latin, are notoriously ignorant of these great tales, and Miss Zimmern has told them in a direct and forcible way that should stick in the memories of those that are lucky enough to be given her book.

GLIMPSES INTO PLANT-LIFE. By Mrs. Brightwen. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Brightwen says that when a girl she looked vainly for a book to tell her simply and untechnically what happened to a plant all the years and months of its life, from the time it was planted as a seed to its death after budding and blossoming. She has never found one since. It is quite true; our libraries are lamentably deficient in books that deal with natural objects in an intelligent way for the young reader or the grown reader who has not learnt science. The books seem all to be written for children of five or for students cramming for examination. She has made the book herself, and it is a very good one. It should not be left merely to the children. Their elders can learn much from it.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

Regulations for Young Author's Page.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* The Bookman. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*
2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*
3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*
4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*
5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

Ashburton.—A pleasantly sad little story, which might have the luck to be accepted. I don't see much point in the introduction—the domestic scene. In a short story it is always well to keep to the strictly necessary.

AYR—You have a good clear, dry style, excellent for your present purpose. Not a popular style even for science, but for a business-like handbook it is all that cou'd be desired. You seem, however, in the same chapter to be addressing different audiences—an elementary one that needs everything explained, p. 2, and a more advanced one with whom you almost take too much for granted, pp. 13, 14.

CINNA.—No. 1 (the Altar) is good. The thought is quite worth while turning into verse, and the verse is much above the average. By the way, you have chosen an excellent method of emphasis. Variation in colour beats italics hollow. No. 2 is pretty, but not so clear-lined and vigorous as the other.

CLOUDLAND.—The motive of the story is good, though the birthmark clew is a very worn-out device. But it is not very well told, and there are so many tales of this kind in the field that a bright, trenchant style is of first-rate importance. To judge from this specimen I should say you had had too little practice in writing to have any chance of success for a long time to come.

COLIN Q.—Not by any means without merit. But as a story it is not worth much. It is buried under a mass of rather wearisome detail. It should be "cut" fearlessly. There is a market for the description of this kind of life to-day, although it is getting overstocked. A Nonconformist paper that accepts stories might look at it, if it were about a third its present length.

COWAL.—I think you had better leave it as it is. You have had it printed. That is already something at your ages. Considering these, I call it very good and very promising, but wider celebrity than a local paper it is too soon to expect. You have the real romantic vein, and between you you should do something excellent one day. You may easily spoil your talents by indulging in your gift of fluency—a fine and a dangerous one. Don't stop writing, but write and read critically.

JOHN DANGERFIELD.—But you do not give one the benefit of your "true estimate." The paper is carefully and even attractively written, so far as the form is concerned, but it is vague and unsatisfactory in meaning, save for the quotations. No one could gather from it what your attitude is exactly. And the whole object of the thing is surely to express that.

DELAMERE.—Opens capitally, but the interest fades. The chapters after the second might be by another and much feebler hand. You have a really impressive hero. Set your invention working to give him worthy things to do. He is too good for the tea-party scenes. Prune his language a little both of expletives and rhetoric.

DIT.—You might have luck with this. The writing is fair, and the tragedy just reaches the popular point. It would bear cutting down somewhat.

E. C. R.—Something might be made of the story. But it is very clumsily and ineffectively written. If you stick to it you should re-write it entirely, omitting the rhapsodical introduction. In its present state it would be useless to offer it to any paper.

E. S. B.—The melancholy one is the better of the two. The ballad is rather rough and jolting, and not very picturesque. I should judge you had poetic sensibility, but I could not conscientiously say the specimens you send are promising.

ERIC B.—Like a great many other stories in motive and plan; as good as many that are printed, you say. Yes, so far as the matter is concerned. But yours is not so well shaped as the average story. You might save a page and a half at the beginning. The introduction is quite unnecessary. So is the conversation between the parents, p. 16. The really pretty part—the meeting of the children and the soldier—is hardly made enough of. There are Scotticisms or Irishisms in several places. I have marked some.

F. R. B. V.—"Till I shall *lay* still in my grave! Oh!" Byron did make a mistake of the kind, it is true. But then he was Byron. The lines don't all scan correctly; *e.g.*, stanza 4. Indeed, there is no regularity in the number of feet in your lines. The verses are only about half-made as yet. Plan the form of your stanza, and stick to the plan.

F. Y.—The scheme is good. But I cannot give a helpful opinion on a mere skeleton. If you are really a "young author" you have chosen something very difficult. The wicked woman might so easily become absurdly melodramatic. I think "comic relief" introduced as such is generally a mistake. The dénouement is really original. But now write the story.

GRIMSBY.—Good practice in thinking. But the long argument that stretches from p. 9 to 15 is easily refuted. It doesn't strike me you are convinced yourself, so you should give the other side, too. You are wrong in attributing such an opinion to Rousseau, p. 11. The style is rather clumsy, and in anything so argumentative as your paper is meant to be, you should avoid grandiloquence. I refer to the par. beginning, "But could such weaklings, etc."

G. G. C.—A very poor answer to the "Recessional"—quite apart from its qualities as verse. In spite of its solemnity it is very flippant, as is all smug thoughtlessness. The other verses are middling. You have probably some sense of humour, and in light verse you would do better than in serious. But the things you send don't seem to me promising.

GARÇON.—A pretty and well-written children's story. It is a little too long for one number of a children's magazine, but you might persuade an editor to let it run through two. Above the average.

H. K.—It is disillusioning to hear of your ultra-refined heroine that "her life was just one long romp." But indeed there was little of "innocent, helpless country girlhood" about her. You certainly dull one's sympathy for her hard fate by your confessions as to her manners. The story is told in a rather loud and affected way. But there is some vigour below the affectation.

J. R. E. S.—The essay on Heine is the best. The biographical portions of all three are meagre and careless in statement. Goethe was not alive in 1840. The criticism of Faust is schoolboyish, and you give a most incomplete idea of Lessing's contribution to æsthetics. But the page or two on Heine's bitter-sweet qualities is a very charming bit of writing.

JUNIPER.—Very well translated on the whole. But, if set to music, and it suggests singing, the last stanza would be a rather unwieldly mouthful. "Weird" is a poor rendering of the original.

L. F. B.—No. 5 is the best, and, I think, the only one worth sending out. The sonnets are dull. The matter of them is not suitable for this form of verse; the thought is not pointed enough. The one good thing is the vivid image in line 3 of the one on the Army.

MENZIES.—Much improved as a story by the shortening process. But the joins show a little evidently, and you have omitted the explanation of P.'s sudden appearance in Vienna. I have marked several glaring grammatical faults on pp. 5 and 21.

MYRA.—Written on a very old-fashioned model, and one hardly worth reviving. The sentiments on pp. 3, 13, 17 do not appeal to girls of the present day. And it is a good thing they do not. The description of A. in her room overlooking the old garden has real charm. But the rest seems a little useless. I feel sure no publisher would find it suit his readers to-day.

NORMA.—The story would be popular with children. It is nicely written, and shows distinct promise in its own line. By all means send it to a children's periodical. If you can draw, you might offer serio-comic illustrations, which would add greatly to its attractions.

PAN-PIPES.—Do you like the repetition of the "Scarcely"? It jars on my ears. But the poem—it is one—has real charm. I think the "far" in line 6 is disturbing. It seems to wrench the gatherers out of the picture which is suggested by the just audible sounds.

PIPER.—No. 1, middling. Of course, it is no use now that the occasion is all but forgotten. The prose skit is better. But the work in both is rough and careless.

RUDDIGORE.—There is a fine healthy spirit of contradiction in you. You might make an effective study out of this, if you would condescend to facts, or even pretend to found your very new judgment on such. You must show, by documents, you are right, and how everyone else has gone wrong. Flat contradiction, without argument, is useless.

RALSTON.—Very gentle, very musical, and just a little sleepy. It would be better if you would alter the profession of your hero. He purrs too much for a bold warrior. One verse, the description of night outside the castle, has real merit.

W. P.—Omit first two paragraphs of narrative. The matter is good enough, and of a kind rather popular to-day. The style is very poor. It is uneasy, stilted, and lengthy. Work at this again. You might send it to a story paper.

Z.—Above the average in brightness and vigour. It is, however, more fitted for an Irish periodical than an English one, where the points it makes would be less appreciated. The story shows promise.

ZERO.—But why were they all so terrified at a bundle of papers? Until that is explained the story seems a much ado about nothing. Some account of the mother's adventures among the Nihilists would have been more entertaining than the rather lengthy story of her tame relatives in England. You can write very well, but as a story this is not successful.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARRETT, G. S.—The Bible and its Inspiration, 1/6 ....Jarrold
[*A consideration of the Higher Criticism in relation to Sunday School teachers and teaching.*]
Daniel and the Minor Prophets (Modern Reader's Bible), edited by R. G. Moulton, 2/6.......................Macmillan
DIXIE, J.—More Words of Faith, Hope, etc., Letters to J. Todd, 3/6 Partridge
DODS, M.—How to become like Christ, 1/6 ....J. Clarke
DOWDEN, J.—Helps from History to the True Sense of Minatory Clauses of Athanasian Creed, 2/- ....Simpkin
GULICK, S. L.—The Growth of the Kingdom of God, 6/-.......R.T.S.
HAGWE, Rev. D.—The Church of England before the Reformation, 7/6 ....Hodder
HARRIS, R.—When He is Come, 1/-..........................Partridge
HASLING, Rev. F.—Sundays round the World, 5/- ....R. T. S.
INGRAM, A. F. W.—Christ and His Friends, 1/6 .... Gardner, Darton
MILLER, J. R.—Week-Day Religion, 2/6 .... Oliphant
Murby's Scriptural Manuals: Ruth, Haggai, and Esther, 6d..Munby
THORNTON, M.—Africa Waiting, or the Problem of Africa's Evangelisation, 2/6 .... Allenson
WRIGHT, D.—The Power of an Endless Life, and other Sermons, 5/- Rivingtons

FICTION.

ALCOCK, D.—Doctor Adrian, 6/-...............................R. T. S.
ARMSTRONG, E.—Mona St. Claire, illustrated, 3/6............Warne
AUBREY, F.—A Studio Mystery, 1/6.........................Jarrold
[*Has the makings of a good mystery in it, but the writer lets us into the secret far too soon, and has written his story in a dull and slipshod fashion.*]
BARKER, H. J.—Scarlet Feather, a story of Adventure among the Indians of Arizona, 2/-
BALAZ, H. DE.—The Seamy Side of History, 3/6 net............Dent
BARR, A. C.—Prisoners of Conscience, 6/- .... Unwin

Bartram, G.—The People of Clopton, 6/-........Unwin
Beale, A.—Charlie is my Darling, 3/6........R. T. S.
Beatty, W.—The Secretar, founded on the Story of the Casket Letters, 6/-........Gardner
Burgin, G. B.—Fortune's Football, 3/6........Pearson
[*Not a favourable specimen of Mr. Burgin's powers. It is an unpleasant story, and makes a desperate attempt to appear up to date by the introduction of a number of real persons in the literary and dramatic world of to-day.*]
Christian, N.—That Tree of Eden, a Study in the Real Decadence, 3/6........Hutchinson
[*A terribly dull treatise, which pretends to be a novel.*]
Crane, L.—The Diamond Bangle 1/-........Digby
Creswick, P.—The Temple of Folly, 6/-........Unwin
Dawson, A. J.—Middle Greyness, 6/-........Lane
Dibden, J. C.—Scottish Border Life, a Series of Original Sketches, 3/6........Methuen
Du Maurier, G.—The Martian, 6/-........Harper
[*See p.* 21.]
Frost, W. H.—The Court of King Arthur, Stories from the Land of the Round Table, 6/-........Macqueen
Gardner, L.—Mrs. Wylde, 3/6........Jarrold
Gaunt, M.—Kirkham's Find, 6/-........Methuen
Gould, N.—Seeing Him Through, a Racing Story, 2/-....Routledge
Gowing, Mrs. A.—Merely Players, 6/-........White
Hall, O.—Jetsam, 3/6........Chatto
Hall, S. E.—Sybil Fairleigh, 6/-........Digby
[*A serious-minded and agreeable story of English provincial life.*]
Hamilton, C.—Furrows, 1/6........Digby
[*Several highly emotional, rather slangy, and distinctly trivial little stories.*]
Hannan, C.—The Captive of Pekin, 6/-........Jarrold
[*See p.* 23.]
Harcourt, A. F. P.—On the Knees of the Gods, 2 vols., 12/-
Bentley
Harraden, B.—A New Book of the Fairies, 3/6........Griffith
Hart, F.—When Passions Rule, 3/6........Digby
[*Here our good old friend, the bold bad Baronet, turns up in a lurid glory of wickedness. Sensation and morality are equally satisfied, and we leave Sir Howard on his way from the dock to penal servitude.*]
Hollis, M.—Stapleton's Luck, 2 vols., 12/-........Bentley
Holmes, E.—Through Another Man's Eyes, 3/6........Jarrold
[*A pleasant love-story, showing no little talent. But there is far too much of it. The incidents only justify about a third.*]
Hyne, C.—The Paradise Coal Boat, 6/-........Bowden
[*See p.* 23.]
Jacobs, W. W.—The Skipper's Wooing and the Brown Man's Servant, 3/6........Pearson
[*See p.* 22.]
Johnston, R. B.—Old Times in Middle Georgia, 6/-......Macmillan
[*See p.* 22.]
Jokai, M.—Pretty Michal, 6/-........Jarrold
[*See p.* 22.]
Jocelyn, Mrs. R.—Lady Mary's Experiences, 6/-........White
Keith, L.—A Rash Verdict, 2 vols., 12/-........Bentley
Lacey, W. J.—Masters of To-morrow, 2/6........R. T. S.
Leighton, M. C.—The Red Painted Box, 3/6........Macqueen
Le Queux, W.—Devil's Dice, 3/6........White
Lindsay, H.—Methodist Idylls, 6/-........Bowden
[*The stories are neither "idylls" nor "idyllic." But of Methodist life, its good and its questionable sides, they give a recognisable picture. It is an honest, high-toned book, but wanting in vividness and vigour.*]
Maughan, W. S.—Liza of Lambeth, 3/6........Unwin
[*See p.* 23.]
Marsh, R.—The Crime and the Criminal, illus., 3/6......Ward, Lock
Marchmont, A. W.—By Right of Sword, 6/-........Hutchinson
Merrick, L.—Cynthia, a Daughter of the Philistines, 3/6....Chatto
Moore, H. C.—The Dacoit's Treasure, Adventures in Burma, 5/-
Addison
Nightingale, V.—The Devil's Daughter, 6/-........Digby
[*The heroine had the Christian—no, not Christian—name of Diabline. She was an audacious American hussy, and she loved not wisely but too well a very dull young man, the teller of the story. She told him she was Satan's daughter, and he believed her implicitly. We don't.*]
Nisbet, H.—A Sweet Sinner, 3/6........White
On the Edge of the Moor, 3/-........R.T.S.
Payn, J.—A County Family, 3/6........Chatto
Peacock, M.—Lincolnshire Tales: The Recollections of Eli Twigg, Third Series, 3/6 net........Simpkin
Pemberton, Max.—Queen of the Jesters and her Strange Adventures in Old Paris, 6/-........Pearson
[*See p.* 22.]
Prescott, E. L.—The Rip's Redemption, a Trooper's Story, 6/-
Raine, A.—A Welsh Singer, a Novel, 6/-........Hutchinson
[*See p.* 5.]
Rayner, O. P.—The Type-Writer Girl, 3/6........Pearson
[*A racy, breezy tale of an unconventional young woman in very modern London. She made a stupid mess of her love-affairs in the end, though.*]
Revill-Davies, A.—Pharisees, 6/-........Ward, Lock
Roberts, M.—The Adventure of the Broad Arrow, 3/6..Hutchinson
Rossetti, C.—Maude, a Story for Girls, 3/6........Bowden
Sandeman, M.—The Worship of Lucifer, 3/6........Digby
[*There are dark and horrid secrets in the story. The writer has some talent for plot construction, but a sense of humour would save her from some of the extravagances into which she has fallen.*]
Sergeant, A.—The Claim of Anthony Lockhart, 6/-........Hurst
Silke, L. C.—Steadfast and True, 2/6........R.T.S.
Stretton, H.—In the Hollow of His Hand, 2/-........R.T.S.
Those Dreadful Twins, by Themselves........Unwin
[*Of the "Helen's Babies" order, only a little more possible, and a good deal less amusing. The two little Cockney brothers are highly probable, well-intentioned, middle-class children, and their doings and writings will entertain other young folks of the not too adventurous order.*]
Tracy, L.—An American Emperor, 6/-........Pearson
Vaynich, E. L.—The Gadfly, 6/-........Heinemann
[*See p.* 22.]
Walton, Mrs. O. F.—Elisha, the Man of Abel Meholah, 2/6 R.T.S.
Wells, H. G.—The Invisible Man, 3/6........Pearson
[*See p.* 19.]
Wynne, E.—The Visions of the Sleeping Bard, translated by R. G. Davies, 2/6........Simpkin

New Editions.

Carey, R. N.—The Old, Old Story, 6/-........Bentley
[*One of the pleasantest of this pleasant writer's stories.*]
Dickens, C.—Old Curiosity Shop, Gadshill Edition, 2 vols., 12/-
Chapman
Don Quixote, trans. by C. Jarvis, illus. by W. H. Robinson, 2/-
Bliss, Sands
[*Jarvis's translation revised and corrected, with good illustrations by Mr. W. H. Robinson. An excellent popular edition.*]
Marryat.—Masterman Ready, illus., 3/6........Macmillan

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Century Poetry, by H. C. McDonnell (Literary Epoch Series), 1/- net
Black
Disney, T.—Cricket Lyrics, 6d........Digby
[*Mild and well-intentioned jingles and jests suggested by the noble game. It is only fair they should be read in conditions similar to those in which presumably the author wrote them—in the total exhaustion of mind and body that follows a match.*]
Gordon League Ballads for Working Men and Women, by Jim's Wife, 2/6........Skeffington
Hatzfield, E., Edited by, 104 Songs and Pianoforte Pieces, 3/6
Newnes
Mangan, J. C., His Selected Poems, with a Study by L. I. Guiney
Lane
[*See p.* 21.]
Stewart, A., Selected by, English Epigrams and Epitaphs, 2/-
Chapman
[*See p.* 23.]

New Editions.

Byron's Poetical Works (Apollo Poets), 3/6........Bliss, Sands
[*A handsome popular edition, which should have a wide sale now that there is a revival of Byron's fame.*]
Shakespeare, edited by H. Staunton, illus. by Sir J. Gilbert, 3 vols., 7/6 each........Pearson
Sheridan's Rivals, ed. by G. A. Aitken, 1/- net........Dent
Wordsworth, Selections from, 2/6........Macmillan

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Anderson, R. E.—The Victorian Era, a Graphic Record of a Glorious Reign, 2/-........Newnes
Bartlett, Sir E. Ashmead.—The Battle-fields of Thessaly, 9/-
Murray
Carrodus, J. T. Violinist, a Life Story, 1838-1895, by Ada Carrodus, 3/6........Bowden
Dutt, R. C.—England and India during a Hundred Years, 2/- Chatto
[*See p.* 24.]
Hammerton, J. A., edited by.—The Actor's Art, Theatrical Reminiscences, Prefatory Note by Sir H. Irving, 6/-
Redway
Hume, M. A. S.—Sir Walter Raleigh, the British Dominion of the West, 5/-........Unwin
[*See p.* 19.]
Jefferies' Land, A History of Swindon, etc., by the late Richard Jefferies, 7/6 net........Simpkin
Logan, J. A.—In Joyful Russia, 10/6........Pearson
Ratzel, Prof. F.—The History of Mankind, translated by J. Butler, Vol. 2, 12/- net........Macmillan
Ross, P.—Kingcraft in Scotland, 6/-........Gardner
Stoddard, E. V.—Du Guesclin, Constable of France, 9/- ..Putnams
Tancock, C. C.—The Ionic Revolt and the Persian War, as told by Herodotus, Selections from Rawlinson's Translation, 2/6
Murray
Taine, H.—Journeys through France, 7/6........Unwin
[*See p.* 23.]
Whymper, E.—A Guide to Zermatt and the Matterhorn, 3/- net
J. Murray
[*This is the indispensable guide for climbers. But the ordinary tourist will find few better ones.*]
Wright, J. C.—A Short Synopsis of English History, 6d. ....Relfe
[*May be found useful for "cramming" facts. Or a teacher might use it as a skeleton for lessons. But it presents no novelty of plan.*]
Zimmern, A.—The Children's Study, Old Tales from Greece, 2/6
Unwin
[*See p.* 24.]

New Editions.

Baring-Gould, S.—Lives of the Saints, Vol. 6........Nimmo
Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. 2, 1/6........Dent
Slatin, R. C.—Fire and Sword in the Sudan, translated by Col. F. R. Wingate, Popular Edition, 6/-........Arnold

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Brightwen, Mrs.—Glimpses into Plant Life, illus., 3/6........Unwin
[*See p.* 24.]
Butler.—British Birds, Vol. 3, 12/- net........Brumby
Carrington, E.—Animals' Ways and Claims, 3/-........Bell
Coleman, T. E.—Approximate Estimates, compiled for the use of Architects, 2/-........Spon
Documents relating to the Cathedral Church of Winchester in the Seventeenth Century, edited by Stephens and Madge, 15/- net........Simpkin
Dowling, J. E.—Handbook of Health and Hygiene, 2/-....Simpkin
Fildes, A. V.—Brushwork, Elementary and Advanced, 4/-
Charles & Dible

Groote Schuur, Residence of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Photographs and Descriptive Account, 2/6 ....Simpkin

GREENWOOD, H.—Manual of the Practice of Conveyancing, 20/- Stevens

Hausa Grammar, by the Rev. C. H. Robinson, 5/- ....K. Paul

HODGE, J. A.—Photographic Lenses and How to Choose and How to Use them, 2/- ....Lund

HOLMAN, H., and IRVINE, M. C. W.—Questions on Logic, 2/6..Clive

[A companion to Welton's Manual of Logic, but of use to all preparing for examinations on the subject. The manual is almost alone in the field, is much wanted, and the examination questions have been drawn up from a wide range of papers, and have been selected with discretion.]

Humane Science, Lectures by various authors, 2/-................Bell

KENNY, M. J.—Diet Chart and Alimentary Index, 1/6 ......Simpkin

LYDE, L. W.—A Geography of Europe.......................Black

[Mr. Lyde has reduced the subordinate geographical facts to a minimum. He will earn thereby the gratitude of many weary and intelligent pupils, whose souls revolt against the useless detail generally thrust on them. His book is made on a good plan, but it will need much comment from the teacher. This is not a very enlightening statement: "Turin owes its importance both to politics and commerce."

MARTIN, E. A.—Nature-Chat, Rambler's Library, 1/- ....Taylor

MORRING, C. A., and MCCUTCHEON, F. G.—General Commercial and Mining Telegram Code, 105/- ....Clowes

PERRY, R. B.—The Gist of Japan, the Islands, their People and Missions, 5/-.................................. Oliphant

POLEY, A. P.—Treatise upon the Law affecting Solicitors of the Supreme Court, 21/- .... Clowes

PRAEGER, R. L.—Open-Air Studies in Botany, 7/6 . ...Griffin

ROBSON, A. W. M.—Diseases of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts, 7/6 Bailliere

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, edited by L. W. Lyde A. & C. Black

[Perhaps another school Shakespeare is superfluous. We almost think it is. But Mr. Lyde is a good editor, emphasising the literary more than the linguistic side of the plays. And the type is exceptionally clear and good—a very important point in a school book.

SANDOW, E.—Strength and How to Obtain it, 2/6 net..Gale & Polden

SANSONE, A.—Recent Progress in the Industries of Dyeing and Calico Printing, Vol. 3, 18/- ....Simpkin

STEP, E.—Favourite Flowers of Garden and Greenhouse, Vol. 4, 15/- net ....Warne

SUTTON, J. B., and GILES, A. E.—The Diseases of Women, 14/- Rebman Pub. Co.

THOMPSON, C. J. S.—Mystery and Romance of Alchemy and Pharmacy, 5/-.........................Scientific Press

Virgil, Æneid, Book II., edited by A. H. Allcroft and T. R. Mills, 1/6...Clive

[Contains a thoroughly reliable text and full notes. To students working by themselves these editions may be confidently recommended.]

WALTERS, W. C. F.—Hints and Helps in Latin Prose: First Steps in Continuous Latin Prose, 2/- ....Blackie

[An Introduction to a book well known to and approved of by schoolmasters.]

WALTERS, W. C. F.—Hints in Greek Prose, 2/6..............Blackie

[Useful as soon as pupils have gained a fair knowledge of Greek syntax.]

WARD, J.—Historic Ornament, 7/6 ....Chapman

WHITE, J.—Latitude and Longitude, A Method of Finding, 1/- Simpkin

WILLIS, W. A.—The Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, 2/6 net

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bo-Peep, 2/6...Cassell

[A lively picture, story, and verse volume for little children. The black and white pictures are mostly excellent, but the way the paint runs over the edges in the coloured ones is a horrid example to little artists.]

Boston Browning Society Papers, 1886-97, 12/6 net .... Macmillan

[A ponderous volume in more senses than one. The number and the tone of the essays are characteristic of serious-minded America. There is far too much mere opinion and paraphrase of the not very difficult "message" of Browning for the volume to have permanent value. But many of the papers are well written, and, if only echoes, at least intelligent echoes, of the poet's thought.]

COLOMB, C.—Object Lessons, adapted into English by S. J. Gubb Relfe

[Contains a great many, if no very original, suggestions to teachers on materials for object lessons.]

DAWSON, W. H.—Social Switzerland, 6/-...................Chapman

[An important and suggestive book. Mr. Dawson shows that Switzerland is very open-minded and intelligently experimental concerning social difficulties and their remedies. The rest of Europe might take lessons from what the little Republic has done in the way of the organisation and protection of labour, insurance, technical education, and the control of the drink traffic.]

DONALD, T.—Accounts of Gold-Mining and Exploration Companies, 3/6 net.....................................E. Wilson

Goethe, Criticisms, Reflections, and Maxims of, trans. by W. B. Ronnfeldt, 1/6 ....Scott

[See p. 24]

MATTHEWS, S.—The Social Teachings of Jesus, an Essay, 6/- Macmillan

MURRAY, D. C.—My Contemporaries in Fiction, 3/6..........Chatto

PECK, W. E.—Circular Trades Directory to the Manufactures of Birmingham and District, 1896-7, 10/- Peck, Birmingham.

[This carefully compiled work is of interest outside merely trade circles. Statisticians may find material in it. The Indices to Manufactures, and Classification of Trades, are printed in English, French, and Spanish. Why not German at this hour of the day? But that is promised in 1898.]

PLATT, I. H.—Are the Shakespeare Plays Signed by Francis Bacon? Conservator, Philadelphia

Presbyterian Church of England, Official Handbook of, 1897-98 Office

Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt, by a Sportsman, 6/- net Simpkin

ROLFE, W. J.—Shakespeare the Boy, illus., 3/6...............Chatto

[See p. 24.]

SANDOW, E.—Strength and How to Obtain It, 2/6 net Gale & Polden

SCOTT, Sir WALTER.—Continuous Readers: The Talisman, edited by W. Melven.......................................Black

[A good idea. Scott made easy may seem unnecessary to cultured persons, but schoolmasters know better. The preface is just a little beyond such boys as could not grapple with Sir Walter in entirety, and surely teachers do not need it. But the notes are good.]

SOLVAY, E.—Social Comptabilism Institute, 11, Rue Ravenstein, Brussels

TRAILL, H. D.—The New Fiction, and other Essays on Literary Subjects, 6/-..Hurst

NEW EDITION.

Florio's Montaigne, vol. 4, 1/6 net..............................Dent

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between Aug. 15th and Sept. 15th, 1897:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Jubilee Book of Cricket. 6s. (Blackwood.)
3. Ruskin's Modern Painters. 1 and 2. 11s. net. (Allen.)
4. Gibson. The Thirty-nine Articles. 15s. (Methuen.)
5. The Sayings of Christ. 6d. and 2s. net. (Frowde.)
6. Bishops', The, Encyclical Letter. 8d. (S.P.C.K.)

The Bishop of London's work upon the Shires, of which the R.T.S. are about to issue a large paper edition, is likely to be the book of the year. This issue is already over-subscribed.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Hall Caine's The Christian. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Ranjitsinhji's Cricket. 6s. and 25s. net. (Blackwood.)
3. Earle's Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
4. Traill's New Fiction, etc. 6s. (Hurst.)
5. Windle's Life in Early Britain. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)
6. Sandow's Strength. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale & Polden.)

Lord Roberts' book is still selling, and the edition de luxe "Kipling" has been sought after freely.

MANCHESTER.

1. Chevalier D'Auriac.
2. Sandow's Strength.
3. The Christian.
4. Fascination of the King.
5. Ranji on Cricket.
6. Sign of the Cross.

GLASGOW.

1. The Clock of Nature. By Dr. Macmillan. 5s. (Isbister.)
2. For Each New Day. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
3. Dr. Westcott on the Revised Version of the New Testament. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
5. Jubilee Book of Cricket. 6s. (Blackwood.)
6. School Books chiefly, and Maclean's Book-keeping Books, stages 1, 2, and 3, and ruled sets for each.

BURNLEY.

1. Jubilee Book of Cricket. Ranjitsinhji 6s. (Blackwood.)
2. Stanley's Darkest Africa. 5s. (S. Low.)
3. The "Contour" Road Book of England (Northern Division). 2s. and 3s. 6d. (Gall & Inglis.)
4. The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
5. The Curse of Cowden. Annie S. Swan. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Science and technical books for the evening schools just coming in demand, and about 1,000 miscellaneous books for prizes sold during the month.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Hall Caine. The Christian.
2. Ranjitsinhji on Cricket.
3. Ruskin's Modern Painters. New edition.
4. Lord Roberts' Forty-one Years in India. 2 vols.
5. Mrs. Earle. Pot-Pourri.
6. Symonds' Renaissance.

BRADFORD (1).

1. Hall Caine. The Christian. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Ranjitsinhji on Cricket. 6s. (Blackwood.)
3. Bellamy's Equality. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Allen. Choir Invisible. 6s. (Allen.)
5. Davies. Soldiers of Fortune. 6s. (Heinemann.)
6. Symonds (J. A.). Renaissance in Italy. Cheap edition.

BRADFORD (2).

1. Celtic Ornaments from Book of Kells.
2. Ranjitsinhji. Jubilee Book of Cricket.
3. Earle. Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
4. Dowden's French Literature.
5. Hall Caine. The Christian.
6. Allen. Choir Invisible.

ABERDEEN.

1. The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Jubilee Cricket Book. By Ranjitsinhji. 6s. (Blackwood.)
3. Drummond's Ascent of Man. Cheaper edit. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
4. The Christian Ecclesia. By Hort. 6s. (Macmillan.)
5. Scenes of Clerical Life. By George Eliot. Cheap edition. 6d. (Blackwood.)
6. Ancient Classics for English Readers. Cheap edition. 1s. each. Various vols. (Blackwood.)